THE DRAGON AWAKES

THE DRAGON AWAKES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_KV-113-846

THE "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL FENG-YU-HSAING DISCUSSING AN AGREEMENT WITH GENERAL CHIANG-KAI-SHEK

INGLEWOOD
INVERGOWRIE
DUNDEE

THE DRAGON AWAKES

BY

A. KRARUP-NIELSEN

With Eighty-four Illustrations and One Map
Authorized Translation from the Danish

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

First published in 1928

Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Tonbridge Printers, Peach Hall Works, Tonbridge

INTRODUCTION

"LEAVING PALMS AND PEARLS FOR CHAOS IN CHINA"

THERE was a telegram waiting for me on the little pearl-fishing island of Dobo, somewhere far out in the Indian Ocean in the direction of New Guinea and Australia. The Malayan postmaster thrust it at me through the little trap-window—holding out his lean, brown, monkey hand—without even waiting for me to tell him my name. As strangers very rarely visit these places, he took it for granted that the message was for me.

It came from Denmark and had been a long time on the way. From Java it had followed me to Celebes and from there across the Dutch East Indian Archipelago, until at last it reached me here, at Dobo, thanks to the little radio station. A disturber of peace from the noisy, restless fighting world finding its way to the far-away Garden of Peace! Day by day I had been rocking and swaying in a small pearl-fishing craft on the deep blue, sunny ocean, amongst palm-dressed coral isles, sublimely indifferent to the affairs of the world.

But one day, all unaware of the consequences, I ventured too near a radio station . . . and the peace was broken and the idyll fled.

The telegram called me to China as a war correspondent, requesting me to go at once.

I held the message in my hand and sat down in the shade of some swaying coco-palms on the white beach.

I wanted to think things over carefully and deliberately before deciding.

My choice lay between care-free, sunny days, the vagabond dreams of a lotus eater's existence, and its direct opposite: life's grim reality itself, stress and dangerous adventure in the place on which the world's attention was now focused—China in revolt.

Despite the sea and Dobo's palms it was China that won the day. The inborn desire for chances and changes whispered in my ear: "The rustling of the palms and the song of the sea will always be there for you to come back to. Young native women will still be there, wearing their gaily coloured sarongs and balancing loads on their heads as gracefully as they do now. In China, on the other hand, a chapter of the world's history may shape itself before your eyes—while the old era is dying and millions march towards the new one. Don't deliberate. Say good-bye to your little palm-clad isles and their eternal summer and take the first boat to China."

As I had often done before, I followed these inward promptings, renounced my previous plans, and set out for China. (The telegram reached me on the 1st of April, 1927.)

It is not the intention of this volume to describe the development of the Chinese revolution, neither am I trying to explain all the numerous problems of this strange country; nor can I take upon myself the task of guiding my readers through that hopeless maze of political and military intrigues representing Chinese politics at the moment.

I am just a vagabond on God's earth, whom fate has led—with my camera, my newly polished eyeglasses and my portable typewriter—to this queer land and people, at an epoch-making time.

In this volume I have endeavoured to sketch a series of silhouettes of the men and women prominent in the eyes of the world at this crucial moment whom I had occasion to see and meet; also of the fatal events I witnessed and followed at close quarters. A book of little pictures from a great period.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	v
I.	WHERE THE EASTERN ROADS MEET	1
II.	DOWN THE PEARL RIVER TOWARDS CANTON	15
III.	WHERE THE BONFIRE WAS LIT	25
IV.	THE ROCK IN MID-STREAM	40
V.	NANKING AFTER THE STORM	50
VI.	"OF THE PEOPLE—BY THE PEOPLE—FOR THE PEOPLE"	64
VII.	THREE "MUSKETEERS" ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT	72
VIII.	AT THE NATIONALIST HEADQUARTERS	87
IX.	WHEN CHINESE GENERALS CONFEDERATE	99
X.	ON THE ROAD WITH CHIANG-KAI-SHEK	111
XI.	"RED" HANKOW	124
XII.	THE BRAINS BEHIND THE REVOLUTION	136
XIII.	BEHIND THE FRONT OF THE NORTH PARTY	150
XIV.	IN THE FIRING LINE WITH A CHINESE ARMOURED TRAIN.	163
XV.	AWAY FROM THE TUMULT OF WAR	178
XVI.	FROM ROBBER CHIEF TO GENERALISSIMO	191
XVII.	CONCLUSION	201

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
The "Christian" General Feng Yu-Hsiang discussing an Agreement with General Chiang-Kai-Shek	*Frontispiece*
Map of Eastern China	xvi
Singapore Silhouettes: M. André Le Bon and the Rickshaw Coolie, and the Good Samaritan and Mynheer von Groeningen	8
Singapore Silhouettes: Miss Wong Man Tan, Two Generations, Moses the Money-Changer and Cantonese Shop Boy	9
Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen	22
The Political Testament of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen	22
Whampoa Cadets	23
Hindu Soldiers at Shameen	23
Street in Old Canton	34
Stone Monument commemorating the Shooting of Chinamen by the Shameen Guard	34
Canton from the Pearl River	35
A Sampan on the Pearl River	35
The Foreign Quarter at Shanghai preparing for Defence	44
Hindu Troops arriving at Shanghai	44
Shanghai Trade Unionists drilling	45
The Iron Defences of Shanghai	45
Outside the British Consulate-General in Nanking after It had been Raided	56
The British Consul-General's Room after the Raid	56

FACING PAGE

View from the Roof which was the Last Refuge of the White Population of Nanking 57
Interior of the House which was the Last Refuge of the Foreigners 57
Members of the Revolutionary Students' Guild . . 68
A Demonstration of Chinese Boy Scouts. 68
A Chinese Agitator working up a Crowd . . . 69
Women Students serving as Soldiers 69
"Tribune" and "Times" watching our Luggage . . 72
Soldiers of the Nationalist Army waiting for a Train to the Front 72
On the Way to the Front 73
Demonstrations at the Stations cheering Chiang-Kai-Shek 73
Feng Yu-Hsiang inviting the Author to Dine with Him at Peking 104
Soldiers of the Nationalist Army carrying Umbrellas . 105
General P. T. Wang 105
Our Quarters in Suchow 114
An Infantry Officer and an Artillery Officer of the 10th Nationalist Army 114
View from the Tower where we were Quartered . . 115
Poster at Suchow 115
Chiang-Kai-Shek speaking at a Mass Meeting at Suchow. 118
View from the Platform during Chiang-Kai-Shek's Speech 118
Chinese Girl Students at the Mass Meeting . . . 119
Women Propagandists following the Nationalist Army. 119
Autographed Portrait of Chiang-Kai-Shek . . . 122
"Three Musketeers" 123
Every Seat has been Taken even on this Decrepit Engine 123
View over the "Bond" at Hankow 134
Revolutionary Youngsters of Hankow 134
Wounded Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army . . 135
A Chinese Nurse 135

FACING PAGE

Borodin and one of his Chinese Staff 144
Borodin's Headquarters at Hankow 144
Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen 145
Yu Chin Chen 145
Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen's Widow 145
A Hearty Welcome from the Roman Catholic Bishop at Yenchow 152
The American Military Attaché under the "protection" of a Chinese Soldier 152
A Truck-load of Black Bread arriving for the Russian Soldiers 153
A Wash and Brush-up before the March . . . 153
The Generals in Command of the Northern Army . . 158
Soldiers of the Northern Army with their Machine Guns 158
Northern Troops Advancing 159
Soldiers of the "Hooked Cross" 159
Colonel Prepoota 168
Picture of Tzar Nicholas II. on the Wall of the Officers' Mess in the Armoured Train 168
Look-out Man on the Armoured Train 169
Two Russian Soldiers from the "Shantung" Train with the dwarf Chinese Cook 169
Chinese Armoured Train with its Russian Crew . . 174
Russian Officers of the "Shantung" watching the effect of its Firing 174
Loading a Bomb Thrower 175
Attending to a Wounded Chinese Soldier . . . 175
Armoured Train crossing a Bridge 178
Repairing the Line 178
Russian Soldier of the "Shantung" on Guard . . 179
One of the Captured Armoured Trains 179
Prisoners of the Defeated Nationalist Army. . . 184

FACING PAGE

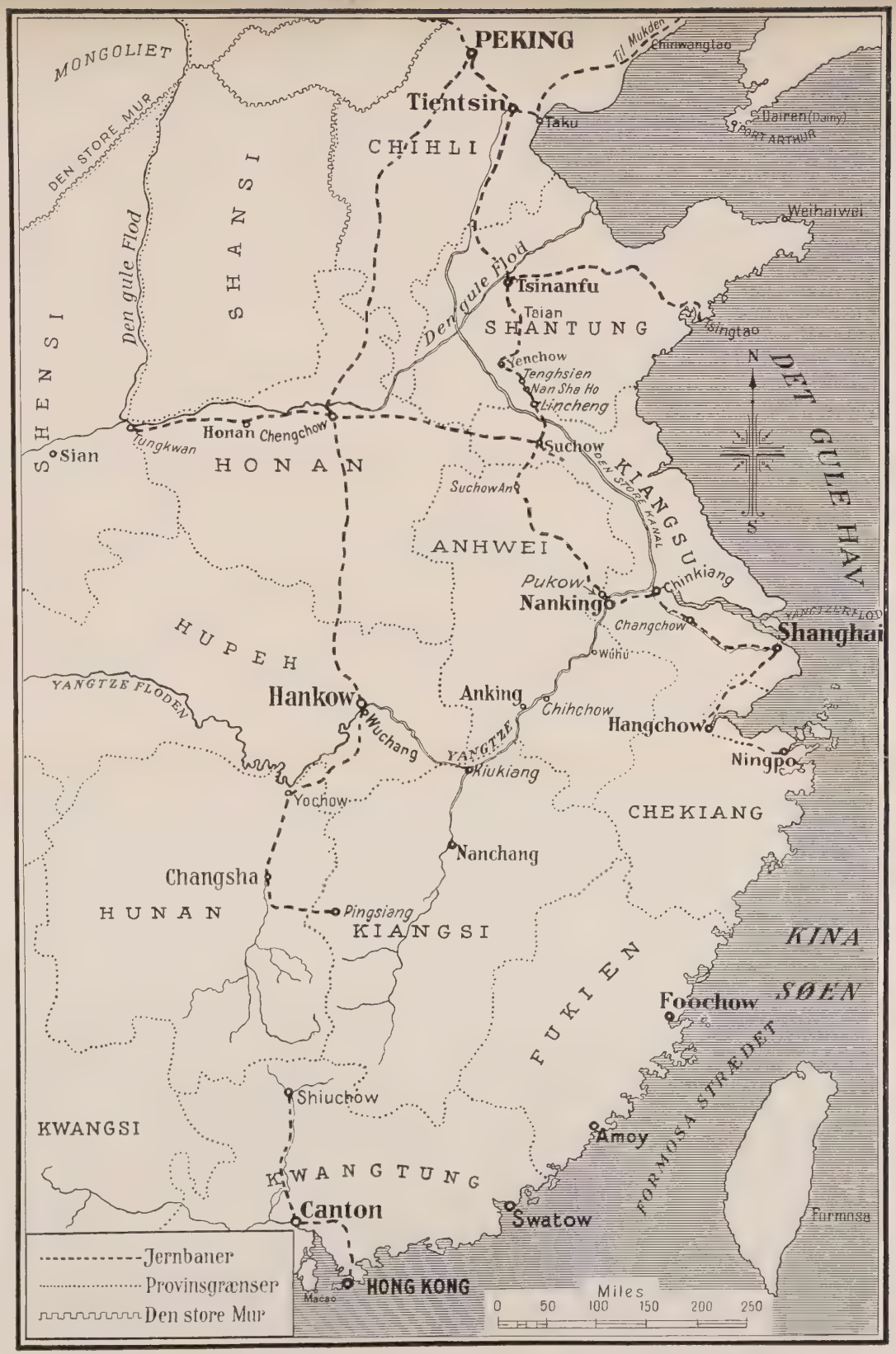
Ambulance Work 184
Village Children returning to their Homes after the Battle 185
Wounded Chinese Soldier bargaining with a Village Woman 185
General Chang Tso-Lin 194
Marshal Chang Chung Chang 194
In their Grandfather's Footsteps! 195
Four Years Old and Self-supporting! 195

THE DRAGON AWAKES

EXPLANATION OF MAP

DET GULE HAV	THE YELLOW SEA.
KINA SOEN.	THE CHINA SEA.
FORMOSA STRÆDET	THE STRAITS OF FORMOSA.

- - - - - - - - - - - - -	Jernbaner	Railways (Railway lines).
.....	Provinsgrænser	Boundary lines.
	Den store Mur	The Chinese Wall.


PEKING
Til Mukden
Chinwangtao
MONGOLIET
DEN STORE MUR
Tientsin
Taku
Dairen (Dairy)
PORT ARTHUR
CHIHLI
SHANSI
Weihaiwei
Den gule Flod
Den gule Flod
Tsinanfu
Taian
SHANTUNG
Tsingtao
SHENSI
Yenchow
Tenghsien
Nan Sha Ho
Lincheng
N
DET GULE HAV
Honan Chengchow
Tungkwan
Sian
Suchow
HONAN
KIANGSU
DEN STORE KANAL
SuchowAn
ANHWEI
Pukow
Nanking
Chinkiang
YANGTZE FLOD
Changchow
Shanghai
HUPEH
Wúhú
YANGTZE FLODEN
Hankow
Anking
Chihchow
Hangchow
Wuchang
YANGTZE
Kiukiang
Ningpo
Yochow
CHEKIANG
Nanchang
Changsha
HUNAN
Pingsiang
KIANGSI
KINA
SØEN
FUKIEN
Foochow
FORMOSA STRÆDET
Shiuchow
KWANGSI
Amoy
KWANGTUNG
Canton
Swatow
Furmosa
Jernbaner
Provinsgrænser
Den store Mur
Macao
HONG KONG
Miles
0 50 100 150 200 250

THE DRAGON AWAKES

CHAPTER I

WHERE THE EASTERN ROADS MEET

IT is a long way from Dobo and the pearl-fishing centres off the Aeroe Islands, North of Australia, to the Celestial Empire, yet the boats making this trip take it leisurely and allow themselves plenty of time when calling at the various islets of the archipelago.

It took us several weeks to reach Macassar and Soerabaya, and yet we were not too far away for the swell from the Chinese upheaval to reach us even in these remote parts. The Dutch government had lately had a great number of radio stations installed all over their Eastern possessions, and by this means we were being kept informed of the course of the Chinese revolution and the assaults upon Nanking and Shanghai. We listened to these reports with ominous misgivings as the hours passed and the uproar increased.

As to the lurid details suppressed in the telegrams we might seek, and sometimes also obtained, full information from the Chinese community living here in the Dutch East Indies. Nearly all Chinamen out here come from Southern China, and through mysterious channels they managed to keep in close touch with events in their own country.

Even in little out-of-the-way corners of the earth the Chinese were collecting money amongst themselves, to support the Nationalist movement at home. The sparse information vouchsafed in the telegrams sent out by the

Dutch government admitted that manifestations of sympathy from the Chinese communities did not always take such a peaceful form. In Borneo, for instance, the arrest of various communistic agitators who were busily engaged in stirring up the feelings of Chinese quarters led to actual fighting between the police and several thousand Chinese.

On board the steamer on the way to Macassar were two young Chinamen with whom I had some conversation. Both were the sons of prosperous merchants whose forefathers had settled in the Dutch East Indies several generations ago. The young fellows spoke Dutch and English fluently and appeared to be highly intellectual and cultured. They informed me that they were going to Canton to apply for admittance to the Military Academy, where they could be trained as officers of the Nationalist army.

Those who know a little of Chinese ideals will realize the immensity of the break with Chinese traditions and customs contained in the simple statement of these young men, who, as sons of highly respected fathers, were leaving their homes and their inheritance to become soldiers, all the more so as the families had left China several generations back.

I had frequent talks with the two youngsters ; we often sat chatting on deck till a late hour. They were most sanguine as to the new era dawning on China, and the sincerity of their motives in taking such a step could not be doubted. Whether their youthful enthusiasm would be able to hold out against the difficulties and disappointments in store was another question ; I simply mention this incident as a typical example among many of the vast extent of the movement for liberty which had spread from Canton.

I said good-bye to the young men on reaching Macassar. They had to await their boat there, whereas I proceeded on my way via Soerabaya and Singapore in order to get a better rail connection. Smilingly we wished each other good luck, knowing full well that the fight to be fought would eventually lead to the final settlement of accounts between our two races.

To all thoughtful students of Eastern affairs it would seem that the hour of destiny has arrived in which the supremacy of the white race in the East is tottering to its fall.

The chapter containing the history of the doings of the white race as rulers of the East tells of horrors as well as heroisms, of glorious names as well as sinister names; but it is as yet too early to pronounce judgment on many of their most important actions and methods.

Europeans, not over-blessed with patience in history making as in other things, expect the printed account of the World War to appear on the same day that peace is concluded, for our minds are already turning towards matters of more recent interest.

The rapid development of our race has caused us to count time in decades, or quarters of a century at most, whereas the people of the East reckon in dynasties and centuries.

Therefore it often happens that some old and wise Chinaman reminds us impatient Europeans, in his quiet, deliberate manner, of the fact that with each dynastic change in China during the last two or three thousand years there have always been periods of upheaval and confusion lasting at least a hundred years. Consequently there is no reason to take a pessimistic view of the state of affairs prevailing since the imperial rule has

been exchanged for a republican government. China is quite capable of managing her own affairs.

The high-caste and cultured Hindoo, who is above the petty concerns of the day, has often had to remind the too-assertive Briton—in the same gentle, patient manner—that in the annals of India conquering races have come and gone from time immemorial, yet India has always remained Indian. Nothing lasts for ever. Not even British supremacy. The centuries of its existence are but ripples on the surface of the mighty ocean of time. Why so impatient ? Things happen when the gods desire.

Notwithstanding, it is just dawning on European minds that the races of the East have imbibed the peculiar restlessness and breathless hurry of their brothers in the West.

At home in Europe a man awoke one morning, rubbed his eyes and took the usual hurried glance down the columns of his morning paper, rubbed them once more and looked again, and at last was wide awake when he realized that it was no dream : it was there, in black and white, that Chamberlain, as spokesman for the British Empire, was offering the Chinese Republic surrender of concessions ; abolishment of the European law court ; renouncement of exemption from taxation and recognition of China's right to levy duty on imported goods . . . and if the reader of the morning paper were an Englishman he would not have been able to help realizing that something of epoch-making importance had happened.

England has shown, time after time, a wonderful capacity for disentangling an apparently hopeless political knot by some masterly stroke of diplomacy, thereby surprising the rest of the world and revealing depths of

self-command and resignation. We need only recall the pacification of the Boers after the South African War and the recent settlement of the Irish question.

The points dealt with in the British offer had been occupying attention for some time, and most of us had realized that a change was bound to come—some time in the future or perhaps centuries hence. Yet four years ago, when I was travelling in the East, one might have sought from Bombay to Peking for a European who would have credited the change which has now taken place in England's attitude towards China.

This time, as our boat was nearing Singapore, something in the very air told us that the East we were now going to meet was quite different from the usual one.

Wireless telegrams had flashed the news all over the world of the 400 British marines mounting guard at Hankow, who were subjected to a veritable deluge of stones and other missiles, covered with filth and expectoration and outraged with jeers and foul cries from the Chinese mob congregated in thousands. There they stood as the hours passed motionless as graven images, heedless, to all appearances, of the blood and dirt streaming down their faces and uniforms, knowing all the time that one single shot would be sufficient to disperse the craven mob. They also knew that a single shot fired by them would mean massacre and torture to all white women and children not yet in safety on the liners in the harbour. And therefore the fatal shot, which the Chinese rabble did their best to provoke, was never fired.

It takes British coolness and self-control not to lose one's mental equilibrium and throw discipline to the winds in moments like those.

England's reply to this was the Shanghai expedition.

From South Africa and India, from the Mediterranean and from England, men and ships were heading for China. Every day, wireless informed the world of new military units leaving their stations and where they were to be found on the road at that exact moment. For the second time in history Indian troops were being sent out on military service east of Singapore.

We reached Singapore immediately before the arrival of the first regiments. Well-meaning British patriots were already arranging receptions and other festivities in honour of the British soldiers ; it was suggested that the regiments should march through the town with bands playing. The English authorities, however, did not desire any kind of challenging demonstrations. They did not forget that the Chinese community in Singapore was very powerful as to numbers and influence ; moreover the arrival of some of the regiments happened to fall in with the Chinese New Year festivities when the air was already pregnant with explosive tendencies. Consequently the arrival and departure of the troops passed off quietly and unostentatiously.

Nevertheless, behind the apparent indifferent, unconcerned, everyday face of the town, Singapore was seething with nervous suspense. It was impossible to predict the development of events in China ; yet everywhere where men congregated—in the big European clubs or the small Chinese shops in Malay Street—all eyes were persistently turned towards Shanghai. Were things coming to a head, and were the peoples of Europe gathering their forces with a determination not to lose their grip on the East ? If so, the fight would, no doubt, bring victory to the superior military equipment of the white races as far as the encounters were concerned ; but a ghastly, tenacious fight it would be, which might

extend through years and centuries, ending at last in a kind of doomsday as regards all that the white race had built up and organized in the East.

All the races of the earth are to be met with in Singapore, and all threads of communication of the Eastern world cross each other there : from British India, from Siam, from the French parts of the Anglo-Chinese peninsula, the Dutch East Indies and China. Singapore is the place where the pulse of the vast organic life of the East is most plainly felt.

It did not take one long to note the difference in the feelings of the town and to judge of the situation in comparison to the attitude of four years ago. It was exactly four years since I was last there, and I again arrived just in time for the Chinese New Year celebrations.

Times were rather tempestuous even then. The Turkish victory over the Greek armies and their threatening attitude towards Great Britain, the trouble in Egypt, the Ghandi movement in India and the boycotting demonstrations in Canton and Hongkong were matters of concern for England and had left her with her hands full. All the same it was quite evident, when discussing the situation with Europeans living in any of these parts, that they still considered these various events as being of purely local significance and independent of each other ; capable of being settled separately.

That was four years ago. Since then both feelings and attitudes had undergone a great change out there. Events have assumed a fatal and momentous aspect ; problems which, four years ago, were considered as belonging to some vague and distant future were now staring one straight in the face. It was no longer the whistling of local hurricanes accompanied by minor disturbances of a passing nature—it was the roar of a

formidable typhoon to which the people of Singapore were listening with anxious ears and hearts full of forebodings.

The seed sown by the colonial politics of the white race during the last centuries germinated during the World War, was fertilized and watered by Moscow and sprang up like magic in the teeming soil of the tropics.

The nations of the East are beginning to realize their own value. Despite the time-honoured European contention that there is no understanding, no bonds of amity, among China, Japan and the British and Dutch Indies, yet it is evident that a kind of spiritual unity is gradually developing among these nations, making them realize that they are all bound for a common goal.

Granted that Siam did not do wisely in brutally discharging her staff of European officials, who have done good work in helping to build up the country, all the same it is not a case of blind fortuity that such things are happening in the present day.

Granted, too, that the native Communists of the Dutch East Indies have no more notion of what Communism really means but that they might just as well have styled themselves Darwinists or Co-Optimists, and that their revolt was so naively organized that one would have found it hard to credit the tactics as being the work of Moscow had it not been proved beyond doubt ; yet also in this instance it is not a case of blind fortuity that such demonstrations are taking place just now.

The Dutch government has retaliated, as we know, by deporting several hundreds of native Communists to New Guinea, but no man throughout the Dutch East Indies believes that the problem has thereby been settled.

It is also a most characteristic sign of the times that,

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ LE BON (MA FOI). THE FRENCHMAN ON HIS WAY HOME

AND

THE RICKSHAW-COOLIE, WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNDERPAID BY HIS FARE

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

AND

MYNHEER VAN GROENINGEN FROM BATAVIA KEEPS UP HIS WEIGHT IN SPITE OF THE HEAT

Singapore Silhouettes by G. W. Stirling

MISS WONG MAU TAN

TWO GENERATIONS
CHINA PAST AND FUTURE

MOSES THE MONEY-CHANGER AND BULEH SING THE MONEYLENDER DEPLORING THE BAD TIMES

CANTONESE SHOP-BOY IN HIS FAVOURITE ATTITUDE

Singapore Silhouettes by G. W. Stirling

in certain Javanese circles, Dutch half-breeds, encouraged by recent events in China, have lately begun making overtures to the Chinese. Their associations are evincing a marked interest in all matters of Chinese origin, and papers are read and discussions held on this particular subject. These facts would appear to indicate that the Indo-European class, who, contrary to British methods, are not only cared for and protected but actually almost pandered to by the Dutch with a view to receiving their assistance and support against the natives in times of danger, will, when the day comes that the supremacy of the white race in the East is threatened, make common cause against the Europeans and endeavour to take the government of the country in which they have been born and reared into their own hands.

Another interesting fact is the change which has lately taken place in the position of the Chinese living outside China ; it so evidently corresponds with developments manifesting themselves in the homeland.

There was a time when Chinamen abroad—with the exception of the old mercantile families settled in Malacca, Singapore, Bangkok, Batavia and other big centres of commerce outside China—were all coolies ; herded together like cattle, they were exported from their own country to foreign places ; for example, to Malacca, where they were put to work in the rubber plantations and the tin mines.

Things have changed considerably, however, during the last few years. Only a fractional part of the workmen employed on the rubber plantations are Chinese coolies ; most of them come from the southern districts of India and from Ceylon, because Chinese labour has become too dear. Slowly but surely the Chinaman is beginning to assert himself, both at home and abroad. In many

places where he first made his appearance as a wretched coolie he has gradually worked himself up to some degree of prosperity and position, and, in fact, the day the European sway is over, it will be the Chinese who will step into their place as the governing class.

In the Dutch East Indies, where the Chinese members of the population occupy prominent and leading positions, there is practically no such thing as a Chinese proletariat. Nowadays it is well-nigh impossible to secure a Chinese chef or "boy," and as for the rickshaw coolie, he is quite a feature of the past. Rumour avers that it is the well-to-do, influential Chinese community who systematically, by direct or indirect means, are doing their best to prevent their countrymen undertaking jobs which would be likely to lower the dignity of the Chinese inhabitants of the Dutch Indies.

In Malacca, to where the Chinese emigrate in hundreds, there has been no cause for such considerations; nevertheless, Chinese immigrants have for years been doing very valuable work in these parts—in fact, it is they who are acting as exploiters of the rich resources of Malacca.

Here is a case in point. A little more than a year ago the Chinese immigrants in Malacca started clearing the jungle near Johore for the purpose of planting pine-apples. This year, when visiting the place, I found about one thousand acres of the thousand-year-old jungle cleared, the land had been tilled, and along the roads huge motor-wagons were taking the first harvest of fine, juicy fruits to the factory to be tinned. All this had been accomplished in one short year, and every single man on the estate was a Chinaman—from the coolie who cleared the jungle and the cultivator's family, whose work it is to frighten away the beasts of the jungle which

come to feast on these new and tempting fruits, from the workers of the tin-can factories—the estate is making all its own tins—to the owner himself, sitting at his ease in Singapore and pocketing the profits. Between each two rows of pine-apples rubber trees have been planted, and in another seven or eight years the latter will be yielding their produce, and the one-time jungle will have been metamorphosed once more, this time into a rubber plantation. The above is just one small instance amongst many illustrating the pioneering capacities of the Chinese people ; it speaks of the unostentatious but resistless course of Chinese influence spreading over the Eastern dominions.

So far, Chinese people living in foreign parts have invariably been praised for keeping their hands off the politics of their adopted country. But it is a question if this neutrality and reserve is likely to continue when the nation begins to be conscious of its own strength. This characteristic Chinese wariness is not due to lack of interest, at least not where matters concerning Chinese politics are at stake. The day after Chamberlain's offer had been telegraphed to the farthest corners of the world you might have heard it discussed in every one of the small Chinese shops or chop-houses all over the East where Chinese newspapers had found their way. Although their interest was genuine and profound, the Chinamen did not let their feelings run away with them at once ; there were no public demonstrations immediately upon the contents of the declaration being known, nor any other show of opinions. But only a couple of months later the Singapore disturbances occurred, with Chinese street demonstrations and anti-British propaganda, and these demonstrations took place on foreign territory where Chinese commerce and industry had

been allowed to flourish under the protection of the British government.

A countryman of mine, who had many friends among the prosperous Chinese community in the town where he lived in Malacca, suggested our going round to these various families to wish them a "Happy New Year." It was a broiling day, and in each house where we called we had to drink whisky out of tumblers, and preferably to empty the tumbler each time, in order to demonstrate the sincerity of our hearty good wishes. Everywhere, in private houses as in clubs, we were met by friendly, smiling faces. I can't attempt to deny that it was a somewhat fatiguing experience; but at the same time interesting, because my fellow-countryman was such a trusted friend of the Chinese that they did not hesitate to give us their opinion—or, anyhow, part of it—of the situation in China.

It was impossible to mistake their keen interest in the happenings at home in China; they had closely studied each word in Chamberlain's offer which had just been published. They relied upon the Canton government as the liberator of China, and did not hesitate to confess their sympathies for Moscow, not for the sake of Communism, but because they believed the Russians were going to support the Chinese struggles for liberty. If England's offer were carried out as honestly as it was expressed there would no longer be any ground for contention and nothing to hinder the continued friendly relations between English and Chinese merchants who had always got on so well together.

Our Chinese hosts confided in us thus far, but as to the secret thoughts of their hearts concerning the future of the white race in the East they were far too diplomatic to reveal them to us.

The Chinese cinemas on these New Year Eves are the right places to go to for finding out all about the sentiments of the humbler classes. On descending to these quarters I found the whole place teeming with mirth and festivity, the streets were closely packed with happy, jabbering Chinese dressed in their best. Outside every house in the streets gigantic, shining paper lanterns were swaying to and fro in the warm evening air, which was heavy with the fumes of joss sticks and candles burning before the native household gods. The beautifully lacquered and carved doors of the old Chinese houses were all wide open on this night of feasting, allowing a free view into the festively decorated interiors. Everywhere were smiles and laughter, gay voices mingled with snatches of Chinese songs and music from gramophones.

A sickly, nutty whiff striking one's nostrils now and then testified to opium eating in honour of the day. Many of the shops had arranged gambling tables to celebrate the feast, in spite of legal prohibition; at least they made no secret of their sins: the doors were thrown wide open to the streets. Numbers of eager gamblers might be seen crowding round the gaming tables where the banker was hard at work, assisted in the performance of his duties by pretty but naughty little Chinese girls dressed in their most fascinating silk jackets.

Inside the cinemas the air seemed greasy with the smell of garlic and other odours reminiscent of Chinese gastronomic relish. The pictures represented old Chinese fairy-tale wonders: sorcerers, nasty dragons and beautiful concubines. As a curtain-raiser, however, we were shown the portraits of the victorious Canton generals, "the liberators of China." As these pictures flashed over

the screen the audience burst into demonstrative shouts of applause. Here, at least, there was no doubt left as to the feelings and disposition of the crowds !

We reached the streets just in time to witness a very amusing and highly characteristic episode. It was the English chief constable who, unaccompanied by other Europeans and unarmed, was making one of his customary raids upon the gambling dens of Chinatown. The moment he came rushing in through the front door the gamblers disappeared with loud yells through the back door and windows, the smartest of them finding time to pocket a generous share of the stakes. The owner of the shop alone remained behind, he and the little, naughty girls were sniffing loudly while the gambling tables were seized and the booth closed. As the chief constable continued on his rapid progress from house to house along the street the gamblers were fleeing in front of him, their shouts of warning and yells of dismay heralding his approach as if it were Satan himself arriving. In the course of some few moments all the gambling dens were changed into peaceful and innocent-looking little Chinese shops, shutters and doors had been carefully closed and bolted, all lights were out, and the manager himself was rickshawing homewards to the other end of the town.

In these depressing times, where the influence and prestige of the white race in the East appears to be waning day by day, it did one good to witness an incident like the above, proving beyond doubt that one single white man, armed with sufficient courage and authority, is still capable of bringing a whole Chinese town to order.

CHAPTER II

DOWN THE PEARL RIVER TOWARDS CANTON

IT was the typhoon season in China just then. A radio message which we intercepted on its way from Singapore to Hongkong warned us that the season's first typhoon was on its way from the Phillipine Islands heading to Hongkong.

Somewhere far out in the China Sea earth and sky had amalgamated into one huge, roaring hell, which was approaching in strong, erratic currents. Now it was up to the ships to get out of the way while there was yet time to shelter from the whirlwind, or make use of all they had in the way of extra cables and anchors.

We were lucky enough to escape the typhoon. But after landing safely in Hongkong we still felt its presence : men were groaning and gasping in the heavy, oppressive air, looking out for the first signs of the approaching storm. However, it deflected from its course at the very last moment, and Hongkong was breathing freely once more.

The British soldiers were dreaming of Old England's fogs and rains in this everlasting tropical steam-bath. Soldiers in khaki were swarming all over the town. Hongkong had been turned into a reserve depot for the Shanghai Expedition, as Shanghai itself was already crowded to the end of her limits with troops of many nations. In Hongkong England had the place entirely to herself and could act as she liked without considering

other powers represented in China. And should the soldiers be wanted at Shanghai it was easy work to despatch the regiments at a moment's notice.

With the exception of the daily river boat between Hongkong and Shanghai the river was sadly empty of steamers in those days. The continued strained relations between England and the Canton government, together with the period of boycotting of English shipping in these parts, had resulted in English commercial undertakings preferring to hire small cargo boats from one or other of the minor neutral powers, preferably Norway, whose boats do considerable, as well as profitable, business all along the coast of China.

I made the trip up to Canton on board one of these Norwegian carriers. The captain, a man of the jovial old skipper type, told me many interesting yarns from his long years' experience along the coast of China and up and down the big rivers. Our course avoided the typhoon which had been threatening Hongkong; on the other hand we were heading straight for another disturbance, the typhoon of revolution, which for the last two years had been breaking its mighty waves over the luckless country of China.

Canton was the meeting-place of those hidden powers and latent forces responsible for the tempestuous waves sweeping over the ancient Celestial Empire. Their methods were various to one end—the expulsion of the white race.

The newly-awakened national feeling in China had allied itself with Russian world-revolutionary scheming, but it was not until the report of the Nanking and Hankow atrocities had stirred the minds of nations that Europe began to realize that her hour had come to act at once if the last breakwater of the white race in the

East was to be saved from being carried away by revolt.

We left Hongkong on the birthday of H.M. Queen Mary of England. Over the harbour with its cruisers and hospital ships, its swarms of native sampans and junks, thirty English aeroplanes were gliding about in various formations, looping and performing other acrobatic feats to please the white population and as a warning to those Chinamen who have not yet realized that it is her long-suffering patience, not her want of resolve or strength, which, so far, has made England look on in silence while events have been developing in China at an unwonted rate during the last two years.

We only met one solitary steamer on our way up the Pearl River, besides, of course, the regular daily boat between Canton and Hongkong. In years gone by, in the days of the proud sailing vessels, one might have seen some 125 ships moored along the river in one unbroken line of three miles long. For more than a year and a half, strikes and boycottings had combined to cripple commerce in these parts, and it was only lately that some improvement had been noticeable.

About five miles out of Canton we passed an islet which is still called the Danes' Island ; it is said that this was the very first settlement of the Danes when they first went to China long years ago. Danish graves are still to be found on the island, but just then the place was not safe for any Europeans, situated, as it was, immediately opposite the Chinese forts on the Whampoa Island controlling the entrance to Canton harbour. Chance shots from the Chinese Whampoa guard were not uncommon.

A day or two before we passed the spot, so we were told, the traffic boat going on her regular tour suddenly

encountered a veritable hailstorm of bullets from the fort. It was nothing short of a miracle that the charge resulted in one casualty only, a Chinaman. As luck would have it the attack took place at a very early hour when passengers were still sleeping in their bunks below. No ships were allowed to pass the Whampoa fort between the hours of 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. The Chinese authorities, to defend the incident, persisted in saying that the boat passed the fort at 5.57 a.m.—three minutes before her time ; besides, they averred, her speed was above the maximum allowed in passing the fort, so the warning she received was only just and fully deserved. Notwithstanding Chinese explanations, the Powers banged the table and threatened to shatter the forts in no time unless an excuse to them and an offer of compensation for damage to the passengers were forthcoming immediately. This had the desired effect : the military governor of Canton submitted his sincere apologies, and Europeans on the spot began to feel happy in the conviction that Canton's government had realized that Britain was not to be trifled with—that she had learnt her lesson from the happenings at Nanking and Hankow.

However, barely a week after the incident described, following on the profuse apologies, the compensation claims honoured and the sincere regrets, the Chinese fort once more fired on the route steamer ; this time in broad daylight, early in the afternoon, and with explosive shells. She had steamed ahead at full speed, so the Chinese authorities maintained. We were all waiting to see what would happen to the belligerent guard of the fort.

Whampoa Island is the place where the military cadets of the Nationalist army are trained ; they are called " Whampoa Cadets," and have before been known to

succumb to their bellicose instincts ; very likely that is what happened on this occasion, seeing that Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek, Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist armies, ordered 3,000 of these youngsters, who had just taken their degree as lieutenants, to join the front army at once on its advance on Tientsin and Peking. They would have their baptism of fire there, and be able to use their guns to their hearts' content.

Our boat was lucky enough to pass the danger spot without any accidents, and after lying to for some time awaiting the arrival of the very small, but very solemn Chinese health officer we were allowed to continue our way up the river till at last we anchored just outside Canton. These new quarantine regulations were the invention of the Nationalist government, giving them a welcome excuse for prying into the affairs of European vessels. Unless we were lucky enough to get hold of the health officer before 6 p.m.—and he is never there when you want him—the boat would simply have to stay where she was till next morning.

So here we were at our place of destination, anchored, and swaying gently in the Pearl River, a stone's throw only from the city which had been the hot-bed of those flames of revolution now devouring China.

Meanwhile, evening had come and darkness set in ; the tropical rain was washing our decks. Knowing that the boat of our shipping agent would not come out to us till morning, and realizing that a Chinese sampan was no delectable place in a deluge, darkness and rushing tides, we thought it wise to stay where we were till morning. This also formed a pleasant excuse for a last cosy chat with our skipper, and gave one time to jot down the main lines of the overwhelming events in China, emanating from the city of Canton.

The man whose name and work is insolubly bound up in the history of Canton is Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, " the Father of Revolution." As early as 1912, when the Empire was overturned and revolution won the day, he was amongst the leaders of the new regime. However, he soon left the rest of the party and went his own way, establishing himself as ruler of South China with Canton as a base. Until the day of his death, in 1925, he maintained his non-friendly attitude towards the Great Powers.

No one thought, when Sun-Yat-Sen on his death-bed whispered his political testament to his friends surrounding him, that barely two years later his fame in revolutionary China would equal that of Lenin's in Soviet Russia. No examination of his writings nor investigation of his political actions during his lifetime reveal the necessary political genius which would explain his present exalted position amongst the departed leaders of nations. One can only put it down to the great suggestive charm and personal power which even his opponents admit was his in the highest degree.

The decisive impulse needed for Sun-Yat-Sen to start on his anti-European career as leader of South Chinese politics was his meeting in Shanghai, in 1923, with the first Soviet Ambassador, Joffe. Those two evolved revolutionary plans on frequent occasions, and when they parted, Sun-Yat-Sen was inculcated with the ideas of his Russian colleague, the main idea being to stir up the hordes of the Chinese millions by means of an extensive and equally impressive political propaganda.

He chose as his political advisers two men of remarkable intelligence, the Russian, Borodin, and the Soviet General, Gallén. From that moment things

developed steadily and rapidly towards the events of 1927.

The Kuomin-tang Party, a revolutionary organization already in existence during the time of the Empire, was chosen as the political working base. The executive power was placed in the hands of the so-called " Central Executive Committee," which also had charge of all military matters.

The propaganda work was started at once with fanatical energy, supported by a staff of trained assistants from Moscow. The machinery worked to the entire satisfaction of the leaders, and the military academy for the training of Chinese officers, the Whampoa Military College, just mentioned, succeeded beyond expectation in giving the new officers of the Chinese army a training far superior to all former systems known in the country. The bulk of cadets applying for posts in this corps were students from the universities. At the same time the masses of working men all over the country were stirred and roused to action by means of golden promises of what would happen the day they threw off the alien yoke.

Simultaneously the leaders took good care to keep up and stimulate the hostile feelings towards the foreign powers by means of incessant strikes, boycottings and demonstrations of an anti-alien nature ; any conflict being used as propaganda among the masses.

Sun-Yat-Sen's death did not in any way check the progress of these methods. In fact, his influence was stronger than ever after his death. Following the Russian custom he was given a sacred halo, raised to the place of a superman, his words being considered as holy and inviolate as those of Confucius himself. His features, in their newly-acquired glory of saintliness,

might be seen everywhere, on the walls of houses, on temples, on official buildings, etc., etc., and the motto he adopted, "Of the People, by the People, for the People," has become as a flaring torch leading the triumphal advance of revolution.

Sun-Yat-Sen and his followers actually succeeded in their task of kindling the fire of revolution in the minds of the masses; in the early part of 1926 began the march through the country by the revolutionary party whose members were, every one of them, men who realized that, for once, they were fighting for a cause which was great enough to fire their hearts. And that was a new thing in China.

The leader of this national advance was the young General, Chiang-Kai-Shek, whom everybody regarded as the man of the future, the Napoleon of Chinese revolution.

The army advanced to the rallying cries "Down with all unjust agreements! Down with the militarists, the foreigner's hangmen! For the three principles of democracy!" One province after the other was captured, some by military force, others through treachery and compromise. The political canvassing had prepared the soil in advance, so that the seeds of liberty were already sprouting, especially amongst coolies and rural workers, wherever the new Nationalist army appeared. And the main lever of all this was—not the hope of being liberated from the oppression of militarism and robber generals' yoke—but the hatred of the "white devils"—the foreigners.

At the end of March, 1927, the revolutionary army marched into Shanghai and Nanking, and all South China up to the Yangtze River was thus in the hands of the Nationalists.

DR. SUN YAT SEN, THE FATHER OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

THE POLITICAL TESTAMENT OF DR. SUN YAT SEN AS REPRODUCED ON POSTERS

WHAMPOA CADETS, MILITARY CADETS FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE NEAR CANTON

HINDU SOLDIERS AT SHAMEEN GETTING READY FOR MORNING PARADE

Wherever the army came the brutal expulsion of all foreigners marked its advance up country, the worst outrages taking place at Nanking, where the lives of many Europeans were only saved by the foreign gunboats in the harbour letting their guns speak.

Even before the conquering of Nanking the relations between the Commander-in-Chief, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, and the Communistic wing of the Canton government had become decidedly strained. The Communists were beginning to suspect him of dictatorial inclinations and dreaded his more moderate views. So it was no surprise when, shortly after the Nanking atrocities, Chiang-Kai-Shek broke away from the Communistic Party, leaving them to bear the brunt of accusations for what had happened at Nanking. He started his own government at this place in company with some of the more moderate members of the former government; amongst these were several of the most prominent generals of the army.

Thus the revolutionary government was divided into two opposing groups: the Communistic group at Hankow and the Nationalist group with its headquarters at Nanking. The relations between them soon became extremely hostile as a result of Chiang-Kai-Shek's merciless treatment of the "Red" labour leaders and canvassers in Shanghai as well as in Canton, where he still was the head. During the ensuing months the lucky star of Chiang-Kai-Shek rose higher and higher in the political firmament, whereas the position of the "Red" rule at Hankow grew more and more involved.

At the very moment when we were rocking on the Pearl River awaiting official permission to land, General Chiang had once more resumed his interrupted advance towards the North, chasing the demoralized remnants

of the North army before him. His soul was fired by the dream of reaching Peking, of seeing the day when the banner of the revolutionary party—the Kuomin-tang Party—should wave victoriously over the old imperial city.

CHAPTER III

WHERE THE BONFIRE WAS LIT

QUITE early on a sunny morning we were puffing along in the shipping agent's little motor-boat from our mooring-place, a little way up river, towards our landing-place on the Shameen, the little island which served as the refuge of the foreigners.

We wound our way in and out among the myriads of queer-looking Chinese boats and barges crowding the Pearl River, and we passed the solemn, steel-grey armoured cruisers of the Great Powers, which were lying only about a hundred yards from the steps where we had to descend when landing at Shameen. Vigilant those ironclads appeared; ready to interfere at a moment's notice. At the landing-stage were posted some tall, grave and black-bearded sentries, Hindu soldiers of the British army, whom the Chinamen of the passing sampans were eyeing with strong suspicion.

Of all the foreign concessions and settlements in China, Canton, without comparison, is and has always been the most contested and the most exposed to danger. All the troubles and trials to which foreigners have been subjected here during the last couple of years are but recurrences of what has taken place, time after time, during the 250 years since Europeans first came to settle in China. Time after time their factories have been burnt and sacked by the Chinese rabble. The authorities of China have had centuries of experience in thinking

out difficulties and preparing trouble for "the white devils." These deep-rooted feelings amongst the Chinese population, after slumbering for years, have now been awakened and incited to action through the interference of Moscow.

The handful of foreigners now living in isolation on Shameen have, like their predecessors of other times, learnt, during these last two years, what it means to stand firm like a lonely water-washed rock in mid-stream, while the turbulent waves of spite and hatred keep breaking over their heads at regular intervals. The military support afforded them was meagre enough, and the moral support from irresolute Europe was still less.

Events like the Hankow and Nanking atrocities were needed to make Europeans realize what was really happening to their subjects over there and that it was solely the persistence in the face of danger, the patience and perseverance of the little community of Shameen which, up till now, has prevented the destruction and sacking of even this last refuge of the white people at Canton.

The island of Shameen was bought some seventy years ago by England and France in order to establish concessions there, away from the too close proximity of Chinatown. Till then it had been nothing but a mud-bank, the resort of pirates and criminals who wanted to escape the vigilant eye of Canton.

No Chinaman, unless he be in the service of some European, is allowed to stay on the island. Seeing that the place is no more than 900 yards long and about the same width across, there certainly would not seem to be any superfluous space.

Walking along the shady avenues and pleasant paths

by the riverside, beside the green lawns, taking the place of streets, everything on the island breathes of peace and beauty. No yelling coolies with their rickshaws, no hooting motor-cars. If disinclined for exertion, you can hire a palanquin and let yourself be carried along ; though one can easily walk all round it in the space of thirty minutes. On the way you will soon discover that the peace and harmony on these shores is merely imaginary. At any rate the island is well guarded. Soldiers everywhere. You may run up against long-legged Highlanders, tall, six-foot Sikhs from Hindustan, doughty, black-bearded and, to the Chinese, more awe-inspiring even than Europeans ; little, vivacious Frenchmen, not too delighted at being ordered out for the simple reason that they, as conscripts, receive much lower pay than the English and American regulars.

The two bridges connecting the island with Chinatown were strictly guarded, and barbed-wire fencings as well as bomb-proof cemented emplacements for the machine-guns were to be found on the side of the island facing Canton, so that both bridges and canals could be swept by the guns if needed. In other words, the defence of the concession had been organized sufficiently for the white colony to breathe more freely and to permit their families, who at the commencement of the revolution had been sent off to Hongkong post-haste, to return once more.

The members of the little community were beginning to feel so much at their ease that they quite enjoyed reminding one another of the days when the women had been sent away and the men were all serving in the protective force as guards and sentries, at the same time having to do all their own washing and cooking, as all the Chinese servants had left the island. That was the

time when Europeans who had risked their lives venturing into Chinatown in order to buy a small bag of flour or some other necessaries had to submit in silence when the Chinese pickets posted at the bridges to Shameen brutally tore away from them their newly-purchased foodstuffs, chucking the parcels into the river.

It was during this period of stress that the English and French members of the colony discovered the value of the Danish "black bread" as a capital means of nourishment, and consequently felt more than grateful towards the popular Danish Consul, Mr. Wallace Hansen, who, in spite of boycotts, managed to smuggle a few sacks of Danish rye meal into the colony by devious ways and have it made into bread to be freely distributed among friends and acquaintances. All articles of food had to be brought from Hongkong direct to Shameen, the Europeans themselves having to see to the whole business of getting it ashore; the Chinese pickets at the bridges permitted no Chinaman to assist the foreigners.

For nearly a year and a half Canton was terrorized by these pickets and boycott guards, causing almost as much damage to their own countrymen, the Chinese shopkeepers, as to the Europeans. Acting originally as handymen to the Communistic government, they soon developed into a power with which the same government found it difficult to reckon. They levied taxes, confiscated goods, selling them afterwards to their own advantage, resorted to blackmailing and bribery; in short, had almost succeeded in introducing a proletariat dictatorship on true Russian lines.

Luckily, however, in the long run they did not succeed in stopping commercial intercourse. Indefatigable European business men and cunning Chinese put their heads together and invented many and varied ways and means

for bringing boycotted goods surreptitiously into and out of Canton. Consignments from Hongkong were sent to Formosa and Shanghai, where they were repacked and brought to Canton on Chinese ships. All together it was a thrilling kind of puzzle, the story of which will be worth reading some day when the history of these turbulent times is recorded.

As regards the big European industrial concerns in Canton, their difficulties were equally great and manifold. Craftiness and smartness, coupled with courage and authority, were needed to surmount the hindrances. The big Danish establishment Nordisk Fjerfabrik (Feather Factory) enjoyed the distinction of being the only important business house which was able to carry on activities uninterruptedly, with the exception of a couple of months only. The remainder of the larger concerns had to stop entirely and were only just beginning to start afresh. The Danish manager went through endless troubles and vicissitudes to keep things going; discussions and hopeless demands for a rise in wages of as much as 300 per cent., conflicts during which the workmen—although the disagreement was only about the merest trifle—left their job and went away, leaving the machines running at full speed. Brutal threats and attempts of sabotage aimed at destroying the most important machinery occurred in between.

The strikes and boycotting periods lasted nearly a year and a half, and longer still where English ships and goods were concerned. The next step of the Canton government was the introduction of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. tax on all goods imported, in addition to the usual Customs duty. This was contrary to treaties and agreements, but the Powers realized that for the sake of this tax the government would be interested in the re-establishment

of commercial intercourse on normal lines. No commerce, no money in the State exchequer. And what the Canton government required above all was funds. Money had been extracted from every one of the wealthy Chinese merchants as far as was possible, and the land tax and estate dues for the next six years had been collected in advance—in short, the sponge had been squeezed to its limit. Hence it had become a matter of vital interest to the government to assist in the revival of trade.

A banquet given by government officials to the Consuls representing all the leading European Powers, as well as to the managers of the big foreign business concerns, was meant to emphasize the goodwill of the Nationalist government as well as its change in political tactics. For the same reason General Chiang-Kai-Shek gave orders to the Chinese men-of-war to hoist their flags in honour of the British Queen's birthday.

During the time I spent in Canton I noticed signs which would seem to indicate that the storm was dispersing. The feelings of the foreign community were of a fairly optimistic nature, resulting from the conviction that conditions were on the turn for the better, although of course things could not be expected to straighten out all at once. Much depended on developments of the army's further march up North.

The most epoch-making change in the political situation in Canton was the rupture between Chiang-Kai-Shek and the extreme " Red " Party with its Russian supporters.

Sun-Yat-Sen's political testament, the Bible of the Nationalists, says : " We will regard as brethren those nations who treat us as their equals." In accordance with these principles he opened Canton to the men from Moscow, their money and their influence.

It was part of their policy to keep alive the hatred of foreigners. The lurid events of 1925, when Chinese crowds as participators in a political demonstration opened fire on Shameen, killing and wounding several Europeans, were a direct result of the Moscow strategics. Several Chinese demonstrators were likewise killed on this occasion, the men of Shameen firing back at their attackers ; this was just what the Communists wanted to further their schemes.

A granite column erected at the so-called " English " bridge across the Shameen Canal calls upon the Chinese nation never to forget the " martyrs of 1925."

The brutal expulsion of all foreign officials from charitable institutions, schools and hospitals, where they had been doing excellent work for a number of years, was effected by means of boycotts and strikes carried through on such inhuman lines that all supplies of food and water—even milk supplies to the dying typhoid patients—were intercepted by the Chinese pickets.

I visited the large and excellent American hospital with its medical training school, just outside Canton, to see the effects of Chinese Communistic rule on this institution, the able foreign officials having been replaced by native bunglers, members of the so-called students' organizations, more or less ignorant schoolboys.

However, Chiang-Kai-Shek evidently realized the hopelessness of this management, and has since procured from Germany six able and experienced physicians and scientists to run the school and hospital.

I discussed conditions with one of these men, a well-known specialist in tropical diseases, formerly the head of a big hospital in German East Africa. He spoke without undue optimism of his work and the difficulties to be encountered, and told me that neither he nor his

assistants had any notion of how their foreign colleagues, whose places they had been called upon to fill, had been dismissed and deprived of the work of their life.

Chiang-Kai-Shek must have experienced great difficulty in washing away the "Red" Communistic colour of his politics and in getting rid of the Russian advisers who had been the real instigators and leaders of the revolutionary movement. But he carried his plan through without any trace of weakness, and the Russians had to go.

Another task falling to the lot of Chiang-Kai-Shek was the suppression of the whole lot of native strike agents and chronic strikers who had become the terror of trade and industry in Canton. After the strikes and boycottings directed against the foreigners had been put an end to by the government, these sources of income ceased to exist. They now turned their attention to the Chinese commercial undertakings in and around Canton, and the seed sown by Moscow found a fertile soil for further development, destroying the age-old patriarchal relation between employer and employés, so characteristic of Chinese social life, the workmen themselves gaining nothing whatever thereby.

It is these Communistic agitators whom Chiang-Kai-Shek checked with a firm hand ; likewise he put a stop to the everlasting students' resolutions, demands and irrelevant meddling with conditions of all sorts.

After the Nanking bombardment the "Reds" made one last attempt at stirring up popular opinion, planning huge demonstrations which might easily have had fatal results but for the timely interference of Chiang-Kai-Shek, who ordered the instant arrest of the Communistic agitators, making short work of them. The number of executions is not known to me, but they had the effect

of clearing the atmosphere and there were no more demonstrations—at least, for a time.

The expurgation on the part of the government still continues ; only a few days ago, during my stay at Canton, some sixteen students from the Sun-Yat-Sen University were put under arrest, one of them, accused of violent Communistic propaganda, being executed on the spot.

This all goes to prove that the putting down of Russian influence has had a beneficial effect on " Red " Canton, which is no longer as " Red " as it used to be. It is possible to walk about Chinatown without being interfered with, although it is advisable for two men to join company.

When one has spent some time on the small, isolated and strongly-guarded island of Shameen and has breathed the European atmosphere and discussed at length all the overwhelming problems of Chinese affairs, has walked a sufficient number of times through the straight and shady avenues beneath the old banyan trees where everything is as silent and peaceful as in a country churchyard, the day will invariably come when one begins to long for a change—the extreme opposite of one's present existence—and the place to go for this is Chinatown ; filthy, curious and ancient Chinatown, only a few minutes' walk from here—a strange world which has withstood all attempts at revolutionizing so far.

The Canton government has indeed tried to make the place look a little more modern by pulling down some of the old quarters and laying out wide, asphalted streets with tall, ugly concrete erections of modern architecture. Nevertheless, behind this bit of frontage in true " American style," you will still meet the old Canton with its wonderful labyrinth of narrow alleys teeming

with the never-ceasing stream of little yellow beings whose ways are as inscrutable as the life of an ant-hill. Canton's tempting and fascinating wares—world-famous porcelain, the multi-coloured silk embroideries, the lacquered goods and, above all, the beautiful and artistic ivory carvings—a speciality of the place—are the same to-day as they have been through centuries.

It was good to walk for a time in this strange world, mingling with this never-ceasing flow of human beings gliding along beneath gaily-coloured streamers inscribed in huge Chinese characters. One forgot for awhile all about the new Chinese era and the fires of revolution in the enjoyment of old China, which, alas! in time to come will be a thing of the past only.

Reaching the river bank through narrow and winding ways, the eye met with a still more wonderful Canton: a floating city with its thousands of inhabitants, born, bred and dying out there on the yellow waters of the Pearl River.

I spent hours in gliding up and down the river, studying life as it unfolded itself before my eyes, strange and wonderful, as nowhere else on God's earth.

The new era manifests itself by various signs on the river banks. On the spot where formerly stood the Danish factory side by side with the factories of twelve other countries, and all the business between South China and the Europeans used to be done, you will now see the imposing structure of an up-to-date Chinese "sky-scraper" hotel in the American concrete style, with a belvedere, electric light advertisements and the inevitable roof garden, where young Chinese revolutionists, especially the Americanized student class, were dancing Charleston to the latest jazz music. A gigantic store occupies one of the wings; a cinema, theatre and a

STREET IN OLD CANTON

STONE MONUMENT CALLING UPON PASSERS-BY NEVER TO FORGET THE CHINAMEN KILLED BY FOREIGNERS ON THE OCCASION WHEN THE SHAMEEN GUARD REPLIED TO THE SHOTS FIRED AT THEM DURING A STREET DEMONSTRATION

CANTON FROM THE PEARL RIVER. THE SKYSCRAPER IS BUILT ON THE FORMER SITE OF THE DANISH FACTORY

A SAMPAN ON THE PEARL RIVER

Japanese bath and massage institute are on the upper floors.

Should any of the guests at the hotel desire other kinds of entertainment the porter at once procures a selection of little, dainty sing-song girls—Chinese geishas, who can play and sing and amuse you in various other ways.

A little further down the river you will see the execution square, which is the same now as it has always been, in spite of revolts and upheavals. No other place on earth can compare with this as regards the streams of blood shed through centuries. In 1855–56, so I am told, no less than 100,000 people were executed here in the short space of fourteen months.

On our way down the river back to Shameen we passed the Chinese "navy," anchored in mid-stream. It really was the funniest jumble of old and rusty iron ever seen afloat; some of the men-of-war had indeed ceased to float and had settled resignedly on the soft mud-banks, only the masts being visible above water level. They were then doing duty as mooring posts for sampans and junks.

It is doubtful whether any other spot on the globe could exhibit such a varied collection of fantastic and extraordinary types of boats and vessels as this place on the Pearl River near Canton. They may be seen rushing down stream in the most hopeless confusion while their crews are shouting and swearing loudly; yet they always manage to steer clear of one another at the last moment.

Passenger boats capable of holding several thousands of passengers, shaped like prehistoric monsters, resembling whales or railway halls arranged on a raft, were being towed along by small tugs; one realized when watching them float past, grotesque and unwieldy, carrying every-

thing in the way of men and goods, from whence Noah got his idea when building his ark.

Large, massive junks were approaching us, returning from some distant land, perhaps from the Molucca Islands ; their shape was exactly the same as those vessels with which the Hindus are known to have visited Java more than 1,500 years ago.

Certain of this strange medley of vessels were moving along by means of bamboo mats or sails, others were poled or towed along the banks with a boat-hook. The crew of one of these small family junks or sampans consists of women only ; three generations may frequently be seen at work on the same boat : the old grannie, toothless and wrinkled, her daughter with her baby on her back, and a couple of half-grown girls with thick pigtails down their backs and roguish gleams in the velvet eyes beneath the black fringe covering their foreheads. The skipper is directing proceedings from the stern ready to give vent to strong language and abuse when collision seems imminent, at the same time trying to ward off the danger by means of a long punt pole.

Other floating phenomenon on the Pearl River which the technique of the Western world has not yet succeeded in abolishing are the paddle-boats, huge, clumsy wooden constructions filled with passengers ; they are driven along by a gang of coolies who work in a sort of treadmill in the bowels of the boat.

In other parts of the world the problem of the locomotion of ships is coal or oil. On the Pearl River it is coal or rice.

From mid-river we now steered our course through the town itself, this floating city with its myriads of closely-packed sampans, each of them the home of a large family. In and out, in and out we wound our way

through narrow canals and a maze of boats. The traffic here in this floating city is quite as great as in the old land quarters of Canton ; and one meets exactly the same types of people. Here comes the street barber and hairdresser " swimming " towards you in his little sampan, announcing his arrival with queer sing-song shouts ; here you find the " floating restaurant," from whence the smell of cooking greets your nostrils long before you get there. All the street vendors and artisans pass you in endless processions. Even beggars, cripples and lepers you will meet on the Pearl River ; ragged and dirty, they come splashing along on a couple of bamboo sticks lashed together, calling out for coppers as they pass.

The floating city has also its police boats with Chinese policemen, who all carry revolvers ; they patrol the canals and call out to obstructors of the traffic to " pass along," have a keen eye for suspicious-looking vessels and are ever ready to interfere when needed.

Some " naughty " streets are also here, where live the little native ladies of doubtful reputation, each in her own little sampan, painted in gay colours and provided with fine, shiny mats and silk hangings. All the day their sampans lie neatly side by side in a long row, with curtains tightly drawn and no sign of life ; as soon as darkness sets in you will see them unmoor at once, softly gliding out on the streets of nightly adventure.

Stray cats and dogs are also present on the canals of Canton—in the shape of carcases more or less decomposed, floating down stream. They do not help to enliven the scenery as do the merry little ducks skimming in and out in their hundreds amongst boats and other floating objects, dexterously avoiding being crushed between the planks of two eager sampans. They come

from the big floating " duck farms " moored just outside Canton, huge lighters where there is room for several thousands of ducks on each. During the daytime they are left to forage for themselves and are seen straying about on the river ; in the evening they return, each to its particular boat—to its own separate nest, I am told, which they are always able to locate.

Evening was now setting in, and as darkness spread her wings over the waters there was a marked lull in the sound of traffic, although it never stopped altogether. Shouts and talk and singing from the sampans gliding past in the dark might be heard all through the hours of night.

From the quarter of the " Flower Boats " snatches of Chinese music and the twitter of little sing-song girls reached our ears. These big, two-storied houseboats are all decorated and painted in gilt and flaming colours ; hence their poetical name. They represent the pleasure resorts of the well-to-do Cantonese out for a night's enjoyment. Here is everything to gladden the heart of a Chinaman : choice food, women and music, Mahjong tables—even an opium pipe, if desired.

But the English Tommy far away from his home on Eastern service cannot afford such luxuries as a seat in one of these " Flower Boats." All he can do, when he gets a night off, is to go down to the *Bond* beside the river, fill his pipe and smoke it while watching the streams of lights gliding past on the dark waters.

But then it can happen, when the lieutenant on duty has finished his round and the late hours are beginning to seem a bit dull to Tommy on his bench, that a small but giddy sampan comes gliding noiselessly out of the darkness, settles against the side of the *Bond*—a strictly

prohibited area—and a whispering little Chinese voice—a woman's—calls to Tommy from beneath the silken hangings roofing the bamboo mats on which she sits.

A minute later the bench is empty and the boat has disappeared in the darkness. For . . . yes, I know what Kipling says: "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But they do meet all the same—when night is upon the Pearl River—even if the whole country is one big, flaming fire and five men-of-war are lying outside Canton with guns ready.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROCK IN MID-STREAM

WE had almost too much room on board the big Japanese Pacific steamer "Taiyo Maru" sailing from Hongkong to Shanghai. It was clear to all of us that the stream of pleasure traffic from Europe to the East had decreased enormously under the unsettled conditions here. The boats bound for home, on the other hand, were thronged to overflowing; in fact, berths had to be booked months beforehand. And it was not only foreigners returning home, nor women and children alone who were being sent away on account of the troublous times.

A number of the passengers on the homeward bound steamers were men who, coolly and deliberately, had settled accounts and said farewell to China; men who for years had been employed in the Chinese State service and had held administrative positions which have now become more or less disorganized under Nationalistic rule, Chinamen having proved themselves incapable of carrying on alone unaided by foreign officials. Or they were business men who, after loss and disappointments, had resigned all hope of settled conditions returning to China for years to come and of the advent of better times for foreigners.

China is thus steadily ridding herself of all foreigners, those she can do without and those whose work for years to come would have been absolutely necessary for the progress and steady development of the country.

The white and shiny dining-saloon on board the "Taiyo Maru" was glaringly empty; with its tall windows, its columns and gallery and resplendent light, it looked more like the garden salon of a French chateau. Only a few of the tables were occupied; the rest of them stood in rows and looked absolutely desolate with their empty chairs and immaculate white cloths. The Japanese orchestra mechanically went through the programme of the day, all unable to fill the emptiness of the place.

I had already said to myself that now was my chance for getting through a lot of writing before coming to Shanghai, but here, as always, I had reckoned without China, which is what one cannot do, not even when on the water!

Amongst the first-class passengers was a little Chinese party, consisting of a young man and his two sisters, one eighteen and the other nineteen years old. They were on their way home to Honolulu after having made a circular tour in the East. None of them had ever visited China before, their families having lived in Honolulu for several generations, and they conversed with each other in English.

This was, again, quite a new aspect of modern China I had come across. These young girls had had a college education in America, and possessed the free and bright manner of the young American girl, but the inherent world-old culture of their race had saved them from becoming boisterous and self-assertive. Their manners were gentle and refined, and their modern education had not filled them to excess with political fanaticism, a characteristic of many Chinese students returning from American colleges. They frankly admitted that the whole width of the Pacific Ocean lay between their insouciant Hawaiian existence and the problems in-

flaming Chinese minds, and made no secret of their ignorance on the subject. But they loved dancing and playing Mahjong. Both of them were black-haired and shingled, which only helped to flatter the pale yellow oval of their faces. Their teeth, like those of most young Chinese women, were like rows of brilliant pearls.

There was such a lot of Hawaiian sunshine in their flashing smile, they were so full of pranks and quips, that it was quite hopeless for me to set my teeth and go ahead with my scribbling when they were calling on me to dance or play. One of the sisters started playing Hawaiian tunes on my poor typewriter, the other, pretending to assist me in my serious work, started drawing caricatures of peaky-nosed, begoggled gentlemen on my clean, white sheets of paper, suggesting at the same time that I had written enough about the revolution for to-day.

Their brother, a quiet, modest young man, shook his head and made profuse apologies for his sisters' shocking behaviour. And then we all sat down to the Mahjong table "to amuse the children." They loved letting their slender, beautifully-modelled hands caress the polished ivory pieces as they clinked in the process of the game; and I, on my part, loved watching the play of their hands. So we sat at the table much longer than originally intended.

Before we knew it we were at Shanghai.

I should not have minded if we had simply gone on playing Mahjong all the way to Japan, and even to Honolulu, but the sight of the steel-grey cruisers crowding the harbour, the barbed-wire fencings ashore and the machine-guns in the streets roused my soul to action once more. So while "Taiyo Maru" continued her

way towards sunny Hawaii with the little Misses Wong, and others took my seat at the Mahjong table, I was swallowed up by the busy ant-hill which is Shanghai, the city representing the last stronghold of the white race in the Chinese vortex.

Shanghai is now more than ever the turret on the fortress from whence one may watch the doings of the turbulent Chinese millions.

In the shelter of the wall of steel round the city, formed by the guns of the foreign Powers and the native volunteers, one can listen to the most varied opinions as to what ought and ought not to be done in China concerning her politics. Here one may meet the reactionary imperialist who considers " all these Chinese antics sheer damned nonsense " ; to which there should be only one reply, namely: Some 20,000 English Tommies with their guns to clear out all the political ranters and make the country fit for trade, as it used to be. The white race ought not to swerve one hair's breadth from her point.

This, at any rate, is a clear standpoint even if it sounds somewhat harsh and archaic. That is precisely the type Americans have nicknamed " the hard-boiled Shanghai-club type," insisting that it is met with most frequently at the bar of the English Club. Its diametrical opposite may be found, especially among Americans. That is to say, there are two distinctly different American types out here—the naive and the " smart." The first-named type, to which belongs the greater part of the mission circles, has for years deceived public opinion in the homeland by rose-coloured reports conveying the im pression that the Chinese looked upon Americans as China's only true friend, thanks to the millions of dollars spent on schools, universities, the training of hordes of Chinese students in U.S.A., etc., etc., but, first and last,

thanks to the good deeds of the missionaries. Those were the circles which, with their superficial knowledge of humanity in general and the Chinese race first and foremost, took the traitor and artful schemer, the so-called "Christian" General Feng Yu-Hsiang, in their fervent embrace, calling him "a true and honest Christian gentleman." And, further, these are the circles which at the commencement of the Chinese trouble, even more fanatical than the natives themselves, demanded the surrender of concessions and the abolishment of foreign law courts, etc., etc., at once and unconditionally, as well as the withdrawal of foreign cruisers and foreign troops from Chinese territory. And yet these naive Americans were the first to make themselves scarce when the storm broke over China; they ran for shelter at once behind those same ships' guns and in the same concessions which they had been the first to condemn instead of remaining at their posts, there to reap the full benefit of American benevolence towards her friend, China.

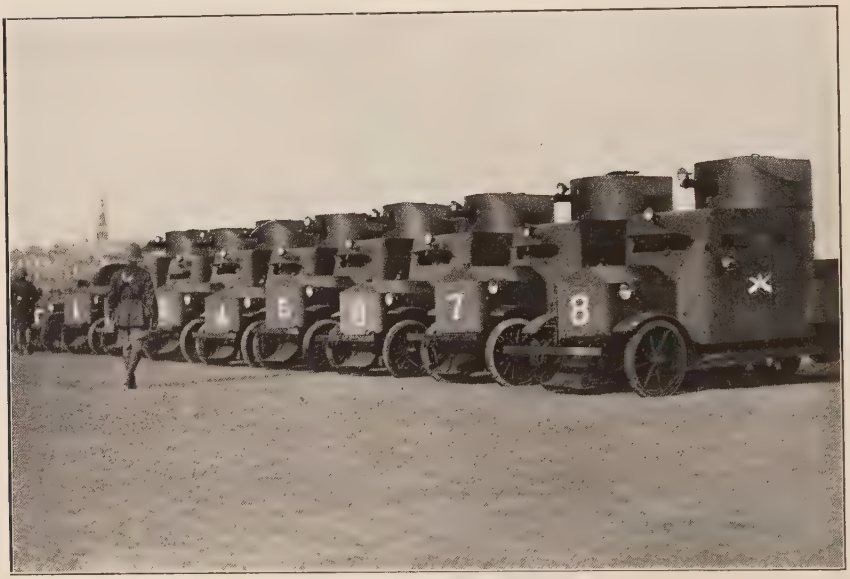
Leaving out of the question what one hears of some individual instances where Chinese subjects have shown themselves touchingly grateful and helpful towards their missionary friends, nevertheless it is a fact that the most fanatic foreign-haters were bred at the mission schools, and when the fire of revolt broke out in full flame it did not make any difference whether a man was an American or not: he fared no better than the rest of his creed—the white race. In the eyes of the Chinaman all foreigners, whether suppressors, imperialists or militarists, deserved the same punishment.

Neither *naïveté* nor Christian goodwill can be imputed to the second type of American. He is the one who, for the benefit of the Chinese, loudly thumps his chest,

THE FOREIGN QUARTER AT SHANGHAI PREPARING FOR DEFENCE

HINDU TROOPS ARRIVING AT SHANGHAI

SHANGHAI TRADE UNIONISTS DRILLING



THE IRON DEFENCES OF SHANGHAI

proclaiming that when America consented to let her men-of-war enter Chinese harbours and sent her marines, machine-guns and tanks ashore, it was only out of love for China, whereas similar steps on the part of other Powers was a sure sign of their greed and imperialism. Such " smart " tactics are designed to gain a favoured position for the United States at the expense of the rest of the Powers.

Between these extremes is to be found the man of discretion who has realized that China is in a stage of development which needs must result in a throwing away of old methods and means. Their desire to reform the country is genuine ; only they maintain it must be done by peaceful co-operation with a responsible Chinese government. To open all sluices to the new tide under the present chaotic conditions, thus sacrificing everything that has been built up by foreigners through years and years, would mean devastation and ruin not only to the whole foreign element, but also to the greater part of the Chinese people, whose very existence is subject to peaceful trading. The above are only a few of the varied political types and opinions met with in Shanghai. Shanghai was then the sanctuary where all people from China met to seek shelter.

Here were the disappointed and dispirited missionaries whom the wave of revolt had chased away from their churches and congregations ; foreign promoters of trade and industry whose stores had been sacked and their factories destroyed ; officials from the Customs and salt-tax administration offices who had been discharged by the Nationalist government ; engineers who used to be the technical directors and advisers of railways and telegraphs—a body of able and trained men who, with time, could certainly be replaced by the Chinese, but

whom no government could possibly dispense with at the present crucial moment of the country's development. Some of them had taken up their abode in Shanghai, awaiting developments ; others preferred to go back to the old country or seek work somewhere else in the world.

Besides these were other types whom events had brought to Shanghai : correspondents of the leading papers of the world, right from the old and tried veterans of the Russo-Japanese War down to the untried youngsters whose fame is in the future ; experienced China specialists like Putnam Weale and Rodney Gilbert, whose headquarters up till then had been in Peking ; and gossiping women journalists—amateurs—who had come direct from U.S.A. with the newest of the great liners in order to advise the world about the settlement of Chinese problems.

A number of Chinamen had managed to slip underneath the enfolding wings of the barbed-wire fencing in order to hide away—the prosperous merchant whom both the warring parties wanted to get hold of for the sake of his money, or political refugees who knew their heads would not be safe the moment their opponents got hold of them.

Even the stream of Russian Communists going forwards and backwards between Moscow and their Chinese headquarters at Hankow could live unmolested in Shanghai whenever they chose, or shelter there from the wrath of some Chinese enemies.

Shanghai is by no means a " dead " town, even if it is sadly true of the chaotic conditions of legitimate trade. The foreign soldiers and sailors in their thousands help to keep things humming ; also the secret sale of war material to the two powers at war in China, which

flourishes in spite of all agreements between the foreign Powers not to sell such goods to either.

New and strange firms appear quite suddenly, their promoters and managers as well as the nature of goods sold by them being clothed in utter secrecy and darkness. Crowds of ne'er-do-wells from all over the world have come out to take their chance. Large consignments of arms, opium, cocaine and morphia are smuggled into China, no one being able to discover exactly whence.

Shanghai was ever a gay town, and the recent critical time has not been able to restrain the round of pleasure. On the contrary, guests staying at the big hotels were dancing and feasting as never before ; at the racecourses millions were staked and lost, and in the night clubs the champagne corks were popping regardless whether it was the North or the South army who won. A continuous stream of young Russian women danced over the polished floors in place of those who have gone on to Tientsin and Hankow—or who tripped and fell. As heretofore, it was Russian girls who characterized the midnight revels out here.

The nightly gaieties, however, were not able to make one forget the seriousness of sober day. The problem of the white race in the East has not been solved because we have assured ourselves that the excited hordes of Chinatown will not be permitted to sack and loot and burn the white quarters of the city.

The awe-inspiring steel walls of armour-clads and tanks, the aeroplanes in their numbers, constantly circling above the city, and the British and Hindu regiments causing native hearts to throb when witnessing the trooping of the colours on some national day of celebration—all this does not give us a satisfactory answer to the vital and burning question, the white man's

future in China. For how many years to come will England be content to maintain this mighty body of troops in China, and what kind of political solution will the Powers find meanwhile ? Will they agree on some firm measure, or will they just continue the same *laissez aller* policy to which we are by now accustomed ?

The native population of Shanghai gave the Nationalist army a most vociferous welcome as it marched into the city at the end of last March. They were glad to get rid of the undisciplined troops of would-be soldiers from Shantung, and hoped for better times to come after the long days of tribulation. Since then, however, the Nanking government has constantly been taxing and draining the town to its last resources in order to get money for military purposes, and the consequence is that the Chinese populace has faced about and is now praying for the North army to come back again ! The Nationalist rule has neither been able to win the working classes. When turning upon the Communists Chiang-Kai-Shek made short work of the Labour Party's grievances, ordering the instant execution of a number of their leaders and strike agents and " Red " agitators who were dominating the town, thereby weakening the power of the trades unions, who were all infected by Communism.

The sympathy won for his cause among a large circle of foreigners by such measures was lost again immediately after, when he proclaimed new Custom tariffs and regulations to such an extent that they were bound to cripple what was left of regular trade.

The levying of heavy Custom duties is one of the measures by which the Nationalists hoped to rid themselves of all foreign control. They disregarded entirely all existing regulations fixing the amount of Custom to be charged by China on imported goods. And this is

yet another of the problems which it will be difficult for the foreign Powers to come to an agreement about, because the days are past when a diplomatic note of protest made the slightest impression on Chinese minds.

Thus each day brought its special problems and difficulties. No one could predict what would happen from one month to another—nay, not even from one week to another. Yet, in the midst of all this unrest and uncertainty, the inhabitants of Shanghai were bravely holding up their heads trusting to the old maxim that "All's well that ends well." And they are awaiting hopefully the day when the storm will have spent itself. It is not only the welfare of some big commercial undertakings, some industrial scheme, which is at stake. It is the life interest of the whole white race in the East which must be guarded while the storm is raging, till the day comes which will bring a peaceful settlement of difficulties and a retreat in good order.

The stranger who happens to arrive in Shanghai as a mere guest and looker-on at the game feels, after having been staring down into this seething, whirling cauldron for some little time, a burning desire to get at the heart of things, to get to the burning-point of events, and meet the people face to face who are playing the present game in China, with the millions of white and yellow men and women as their more or less willing tools.

I made up my mind to get to the Nationalist headquarters before the advance on Peking. The bulk of my luggage I left with my friends in Shanghai, taking only my camera and my Corona typewriter with me when I set out for Nanking, followed by the good wishes and sincere warnings of my hospitable and helpful friends and countrymen who had kept up their spirits through troubles and tribulations innumerable.

CHAPTER V

NANKING AFTER THE STORM

THINGS are not what they used to be, for Europeans out here. Four years ago, when last I visited these parts, when going from Shanghai to Nanking and on from there by the celebrated "Blue Train" towards Peking, we Europeans sat at our ease in comfortable and luxurious easy-chairs of real buffalo hide, contemplating the scenery with its pale and soft colouring, so characteristic of early spring in China.

Two days ago I stood in the very same railway station and asked to be given a ticket for the night train to Nanking, and had to thank my stars that I was lucky enough to obtain a third-class permit to ride in the coolie vans. That is to say, there were some first-class compartments and sleeping cars attached, but nowadays they were all "nationalized" for the use of members of the new Chinese government and their friends and relations. We Europeans have had our turn of travelling first-class in China—now we could content ourselves with the coolie vans if we really insisted on going to such places as Nanking, where we had no business nowadays.

A ten hours' night journey as the sole white man in a train crowded with Chinese coolies is not exactly a pleasure trip. The very few Europeans who had visited Nanking since those awful days when all white men in Nanking had had to flee for their lives did not go there by train but took the boat.

The Chinamen were packed like sardines in a box; so close, in fact, that there was no chance of shifting a superfluous supply of "greys" on to the next man. The smell of garlic and other poisonous gases emanating from their perspiring bodies was nauseating in the extreme. They were smoking opium and vile tobacco and drinking scalding cups of tea by the dozen.

Gradually, as we proceeded on our journey, the air in the compartment became charged with an impenetrable kind of steam haze, in which was smoke from the engine and the stumps of tallow candles and leaky lamps which were doing duty for the usual electric light; during these times of chaotic confusion in the country some enterprising jobbers had seen their way to pocket all the electric lamps and brass fittings of value, together with the electric conducting wires from the trains.

The atmospheric conditions did not seem to disturb the Chinese in the least; they kept jabbering all night long, as happy as frogs in a pond. They did not appear to mind my being present; in spite of the burning racial hatred between whites and yellows proclaimed by the Nationalist agitators they did not molest me in any way, although it was clear that they were dying with curiosity as to what a foreigner was doing there: going up to Nanking, and in a coolie van! A couple of soldiers just enrolled in the Nationalist army and on their way up to the Military Training School at Nanking addressed me in fairly good English, evidently to find a solution of the problem.

Even the platforms between the vans were densely packed, but here the air was not quite so foul as inside the van; to make up for it there was a beastly draught. But, following the maxim, "Of two evils choose the least," I fetched my little handbag, shoved it down firmly between

two sleepy coolies and spent the rest of the night sitting on it, half asleep, my head on my knees. This was a come down indeed from being swayed to my destination in the downy berths of the " Blue Express " !

However, there's an end to even the longest night ; about 7 a.m. we steamed into the Nanking station and I jumped out and inspected myself. Bruised and tender I was, all over my body, as after a downright good shaking, and as filthy as any coolie ; otherwise I was all right.

What I now wanted was to find the only European then living in Nanking : an Englishman in Chinese service. He was the postmaster-general there. The Chinese authorities had brutally dismissed him, but they had to beg him to return to his post, realizing that they could not possibly do without him.

I succeeded at last in discovering his whereabouts, and the rickshaw coolie was soon galloping gaily along in the direction indicated by me, through narrow, crowded streets filled with yelling Chinese and creaking vehicles.

I felt just a bit strange driving alone through this town where, a few months back, defenceless foreigners had been brutally handled by the natives, chased away, killed or maltreated. The expressions varied on the faces of the Chinamen who saw me suddenly in their midst. Some nodded to me with a jovial grin, others looked sullen and unfriendly, but most of them exhibited distinct surprise, as if they were saying to themselves : " Well, they are beginning to come back, are they ? " Nowhere did I notice any signs of open hostility.

Only once it was rather unpleasant when the sentinel stopped me at the city gates. The fact was, my rickshaw coolie thought he might enter with *me* sitting behind in the seat, and put on full speed. The feeling of a gun barrel against your diaphragm, especially when directed

by a fumble-fingered Chinese soldier, is apt to make you feel a bit creepy, happening, as it did to me, in the early morning and on an empty stomach. My rickshaw stopped all of a sudden with the result that the coolie did the last two yards in a state of semi-collapse. It proved to be my Chinese passport he was after ; the man with the bayonet, finding it to be in order, I explained to him that I, like the Nationalist army, was on my way to Peking, and his hatred of the white man was not so deep but that he could see the joke of trotting into Peking in a rickshaw. He and the rest of the guard grinned all over their faces and wished me good luck as I disappeared beneath the portals of the old city gate.

The official residence of the Englishman, a large and stately house situated in the centre of a beautiful park and surrounded by strong walls, appeared like an oasis in this desert of devastation : houses sacked and burnt down to the ground, their inhabitants either killed or chased away.

The man I was going to call upon lived alone in the vast rooms save for a couple of faithful Chinese servants —the only one who returned of the 400 white inhabitants of Nanking. He received me with great hospitality, begging me to consider this place of his my home as long as I was in Nanking. After a most refreshing tub and a hearty breakfast the tribulations of the night were past and forgotten, and I took a stroll through the town, the capital of the " New China."

My first visit was to the quarter of the ruined homes of the foreigners. Only one of them was left standing, not counting the postmaster's residence already mentioned. This house appeared absolutely intact : not a pane had been smashed, not even a box of matches was missing, I believe. While of its neighbours nothing was

left but the bare walls. On the wall surrounding the British Consular building was fastened a gigantic, sky-blue placard with the usual six Chinese figures which, being interpreted, read : " Down with the Imperialists ! " The entrance to the house was guarded by a double guard of Chinese police and Nationalist soldiers with guns loaded. There was nothing left for me to do but march straight past the soldiers at the entrance—with steps assured and determined, as if the place belonged to me. That was my plan, and it succeeded. They stood and fumbled for a moment, but dared not stop a European from entering the precincts of a place which they knew belonged to white men.

I passed through the garden ; lonely and desolate it looked. I walked up to the portal of the stately, white mansion, which I entered. All its rooms were ghastly, desolate, sacked of everything, even down to bell-ropes and window panes. In one of the rooms I came upon a heaped-up bundle of odds and ends : arms and legs of chairs, with remnants of the covers left ; letters, photographs and private papers all over the place. In the midst of the debris a small booklet lay with the fly-leaf visible : " Sweet Lavender," it said, " : Light Comedy by Arthur Pinero." The idyllic title had the effect of bitter sarcasm in this place of desolation and agony ; for it was here that the roughest hordes of the Chinese rabble, led by soldiers in the uniform of the regular Canton army, broke in like a flock of raging beasts, killing, wounding or driving away all those white people who had fled here for refuge.

While I was engaged in taking some snapshots of the ghastly scene one of the old servants of the house, a Chinaman, who had served the British Consul for fourteen years, came in to see what I was doing. He was accom-

panied by one of the Chinese sentries from the gate who was curious to see what would happen if he suggested that I should take his photo. The old servant, on the other hand, had no such vain aspirations ; he shuffled about quite noiselessly shaking his head, sniffing, polishing his glasses, which kept on getting moist. Afterwards he accompanied me down through the garden and pointed out to me the spot where the English surgeon, Mr. Smith, had been murdered, and the Consular offices where the women took shelter in the bomb-proof cellars. It was in the vestibule here that the old English harbour master was shot. Also this building was sacked and looted : the safe had been burst open and the contents secured by the marauders. Spread all over the floor were the confidential papers and the State documents belonging to the Consulate, dirty and torn, and more or less destroyed.

Standing in the midst of this devastation where the stamp and seal and crest of the British Empire lay torn and trampled upon by alien feet, made one reflect. What is he thinking about, the old British Lion ? Has he deemed it wise to let go his hold of China, or has he only withdrawn his wounded paw, awaiting the propitious moment to renew his grip ?

From the British Consulate I wandered, among Chinese gardens, up the sloping grounds near the river where lie all the most prominent residences of the foreign colony, surrounded by luxuriant gardens. The Chinese, assisted by their wives and numerous progeny, were busily tending the flower beds now filled with vegetables ; they looked up as I passed and sent me a smiling and friendly greeting.

Peace and luxuriance reigned over the landscape, glorious summer sunshine and the warbling of birds—

nothing to indicate that only a short while ago, in this garden of Eden all the evil powers had been loosed and white men, with their wives and families, were fleeing for their lives between these green-clad hills and flowery gardens—chased by Chinese brigands. In one of the gardens I noticed that a part of it was in perfect condition, weeded and tended and full of flowering plants, whereas the opposite end was nothing but a heap of refuse with huge holes torn in the ground ; the latter were caused by the ships' guns from the harbour, which intervened in the last moment and saved the white men from being completely massacred.

The house of this garden belongs to an English lady ; like other houses it had been hit by many shots and suffered from gun-fire and was half ruined. An old, toothless Chinaman was tripping about on what was left of the veranda ; he carried a bird's cage in one hand and was evidently looking for a nice place for his little feathered friend to enjoy the fine weather—somewhere in the shade where there was also a bit of a fresh and cooling breeze. On perceiving me he made haste to smooth out some of the most careworn wrinkles of his old face with a most amiable smile ; bowing respectfully he tried to ask my gracious permission to hang his bird up in the veranda, at least that was my interpretation of his words—and I granted him his request with true magnanimity, seeing that the place did not belong to me.

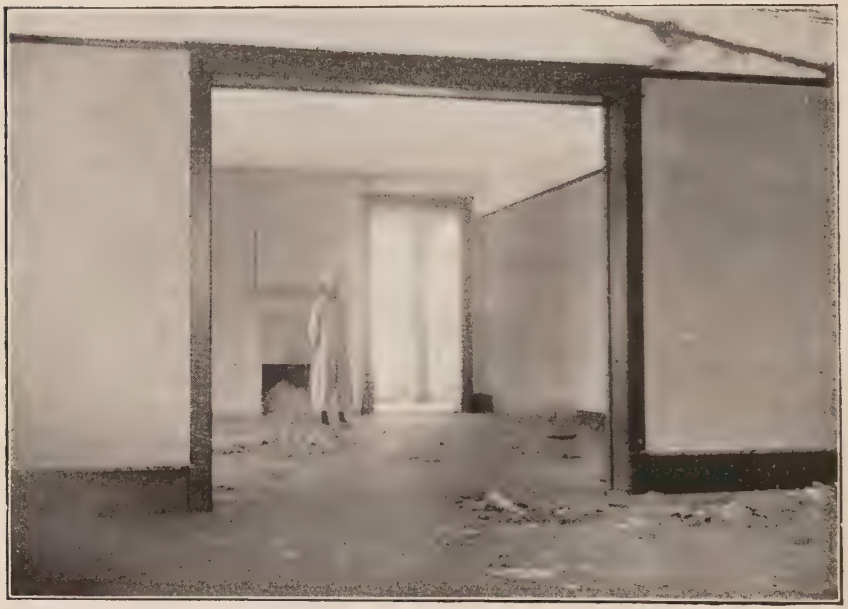
He smiled his thanks, bowing deeply once more, and tripped along with his precious charge. A moment after he found the nail he was looking for, and care-free bird's song was soon after echoing through the gaunt and empty house.

I, meanwhile, continued my tour of inspection. At last I reached the summit of the hill where stands the

OUTSIDE THE BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL IN NANKING AFTER IT HAD BEEN RAIDED. THE CHINESE SENTRY IS STANDING ON THE SPOT WHERE THE ENGLISH SURGEON MR. SMITH WAS KILLED

THE BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL'S ROOM AFTER THE RAID

VIEW FROM THE ROOF WHICH WAS THE LAST REFUGE OF THE WHITE POPULATION OF NANKING, AND FROM WHICH THEY WERE LOWERED OVER THE WALL TO ESCAPE DOWN THE RIVER



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE WHICH WAS THE LAST REFUGE OF THE FOREIGNERS. ALL THE FURNITURE, INCLUDING THE DOORS, HAS BEEN REMOVED BY THE RAIDERS

house which served as a last refuge to about fifty foreigners, their wives and children.

After having been chased from place to place and shot at during their flight, they were finally surrounded here, in this house, by a horde of soldiers threatening to murder every soul of them, as they had no more valuables or ready money to give for their lives.

Their only hope of salvation was that the gunboats on the river might discover the English marine who, careless of the hailstorm of bullets fired at him by Chinese invaders, kept on signalling to his ships from the roof of the house. At last, when hope was abandoned, the ships perceived the sailor's signals, and in the next moment the air was rent with the thunder of British and American guns. The Chinese marauders fled in panic and confusion at the first shot and, covered by the cannonade, the white men succeeded in getting out of the house, down the steep banks of the river, and by means of hastily constructed rope ladders they let themselves down over the crest of the city wall and reached the riverside, where they were taken on board the boats awaiting them and brought to safety on board the liners.

Only by visiting these places in person was it possible to picture what had taken place, how desperate the situation of the white people must have been, and that there was nothing left to be done but for the ships' guns to join in the fray. At the same time one could ascertain that no bombardment of the city itself had taken place. It was just the open space round the foreign colony that had been swept by the guns. Even with a Chinese guide knowing the locality it was not easy to point out the houses damaged by the shells, and of these some were the residences of Europeans. The Chinese officials of the town gave the number of their killed and wounded

as being about fifty, and amongst these were many of the marauders themselves, who when fleeing from the ships' guns were caught in the blockade, receiving thus their well-deserved punishment.

One of the foreigners who tried to get down to the river and reach the ships all by himself was caught by the Cantonese soldiery. As he either had no money or else would not part with what he had, they forced him to go with them. They were already on their way to the place of execution when suddenly the foreign marine guns began to roar. Immediately the prisoner was set free, his guard fleeing for dear life. He himself escaped into the house of some faithful Chinese friends who dressed him up as a dirty coolie, in which disguise he actually managed to reach the landing stage on the river just as a detachment of marines were being set ashore from one of the British gunboats. Imagine the men's surprise at hearing themselves addressed in refined English by a simple Chinese coolie who, moreover, had the effrontery to call one of their officers by his Christian name ! Great was the delight on both sides when things were explained.

I walked on through the gapingly empty rooms of the once comfortable residence now sacked and devastated. Here it was that the harried foreigners spent the last anxious hours before they were saved. All that was left behind was a heap of papers right in the centre of the room. I perceived a corner torn off some private letter—the clear and characteristic handwriting caught my attention.

It proved to be some few lines of congratulation to the recipient, who had just been transferred to Nanking, expressing the hope that she might be as happy as the day was long.

A cutting irony of fate that just these happy, hopeful lines should have met the eye of the stranger stopping for a moment beside the ruins of what was once a happy home.

I picked up the little scrap of paper and put it into an inner pocket ; I mean to carry it about with me as a *memento mori*.

From the top of the flat roof, where not long ago the courageous English sailor had been signalling to his ships, there was an extensive view over the river and the whole of the ruined foreign quarter. Desolate and dead it lay there, silent and sad, like a quiet cemetery with green trees and multi-coloured flowers, with the ruined buildings as tombstones over that part of China's history which is about to be concluded.

The day will come when white men will return to their houses here and make a home of them as before ; but it will be the beginning of a new era and they will find a new China on their return ; and in this new China, possessing a knowledge of good and evil new to her at present, Nanking will be the centre. Now it is the stronghold of the Nationalists and the headquarters of their military leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek.

When the storm broke over Nanking, my friend, the English postmaster and his family were saved through a ruse invented by the Chinese postmen, who, hiding them carefully underneath a formidable pile of post bags, drove them out of the city in one of the postal motor vans. When, shortly after, my friend was called upon to return to his post as the only white man in all Nanking, he found his house intact ; a fact which goes to prove that the plundering was not done in a haphazard way but after a carefully laid plan.

Thanks to the methods of the marauders he still had his old home standing, and I a hospitable resort when tired of touring round from morn to night.

Just at present the pivot on which all interest turned was the march to Peking. In the space of time it had taken me to get here from Canton, the Nationalist army had chased the Northern party's troops, in wildest rout, right back over the Northern frontier of the Shantung province, and had just a few days before captured the important railway junction, Suchow, on the Pukow to Tientsin line.

The leader and commander-in-chief of the Nanking government had a right to feel triumphant just then ; he was the centre of attention for friends and foes alike.

As regards the commercial life of Nanking, however, there was nothing good to be said just at this point of events. The normal traffic on the Yangtze River, which used to be enormous, was then as good as stopped, and all the big foreign concerns who used to employ several thousands of workmen were now shut down. Nay, in practically all cases the costly machinery had been wantonly destroyed by the former hands.

The Nationalist government, however, was beginning to make overtures to the foreign business men, with the purpose of inducing them to return ; but so far their efforts had been fruitless.

The managing director of the gigantic English company, International Export, paid a short, flying visit to Nanking for the first time after the expulsion of the foreign colony, and was guest in the same " oasis " where I was staying.

He had come to find out about the chances for returning to the city and the restarting of a business which employed

thousands of Chinese workmen and undertook the sale to Europe of Chinese eggs, pork and poultry to a total value of many million dollars. The result of his inspection was the statement that goods and machinery to a sum total of 10 million dollars had been destroyed.

Before the outbreak of the revolution he had kept five private cars of his own, which had since been " requisitioned " by the Nationalist government ; he applied in vain for permission to borrow one of them during his stay in the town.

He returned to Shanghai without any great hopes of restarting the business at Nanking. As to his motor-cars, he never expected to see them again, any more than the rest of the Nanking colony of white men ever expected to see any of their belongings. They have long since been sold by auction, every stick of furniture and other valuables, publicly in the street as is the custom in these parts. The price of a grand piano, according to what some of the Chinese themselves told me, was about ten Chinese dollars, equal to less than a pound in English money.

If the Nanking streets looked crowded at this time it was due to military activities and politics. Soldiers were everywhere, one detachment after the other marched through the streets incessantly, with all their fantastic kit on their backs ; they were going North, all of them. Cars with the banners of headquarters fluttering from the carburettor rushed shrieking through the town, making the coolies hop for their lives.

The government offices, temporarily installed in various parts of the town through lack of proper buildings, were bustling with life and restlessness.

During my stay at Nanking, in my attempts to get permission to proceed to the fighting front, I had had to

spend a good many hours in these same government offices. It gave me, if nothing else, a good chance for studying their machinery.

I found the whole working apparatus of a great Power, only ten times more complicated. An endless row of ministries, commissions, committees, and what not. A countless number of young, smart Chinamen doing duty as secretaries, etc., were rushing round everywhere, busily engaged in building up the new China—on paper. They wore American spectacles, revolutionary rosettes and emblems, and the bulk of them spoke the American language to perfection and were most suave and amiable to strangers.

There was no doubt as to their honest intention, energy and faith in the sacred cause of revolution and liberty. Only their intelligence was of a strangely theoretical order. They talked and harangued, getting away from all realities and actual problems which, meanwhile, were towering higher day by day over the structure of the new China. Everything was to be settled according to the three maxims of the father of China, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen—but how ?

There were too many amateurs with the knowledge of a boy and no more, and too many would-be statesmen amongst these youngsters.

Amongst the leading personalities of political import, members of the Nationalist government, whom I met during my stay in Nanking, Dr. C. C. Wu, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the most prominent by a long way. He has had many years' excellent training in Europe and U.S.A., where his father, a man of exceptional ability, was Foreign Minister. He, Dr. Wu, is a most amiable man, sympathetic and refined, and an intelligent and subtle diplomat under the present most intricate condi-

tions, when all the Powers of the West are turning as one man on the Nationalist government.

China will need not one, but a series of great statesmen to put her right. Having studied the Nationalist government workings from inside one arrives at last to the conclusion that the wheels of the machinery are whirring busily and indefatigably—with apparently very little result. An elaborate framework of an immense building has been constructed, but whether it is strong enough to weather the storm and bear the weight of the building materials is another question.

CHAPTER VI

"OF THE PEOPLE—BY THE PEOPLE—FOR THE PEOPLE"

CHINA is the land of surprises, as every one knows; all the same I am not exaggerating when I say that no surprise was ever a match to the last one: the advance of the Canton army, the march of revolution through the once Celestial Empire.

The unforeseen, the surprising part of it, was that the millions of Chinese, whom one had come to consider as one big, solid lump without any individual interest in what happened at Canton and Shanghai or elsewhere in the world, suddenly began to heave and sway and let themselves be carried away, individually, by the fire of revolt.

There were certain remote parts of China which knew nothing about a World War going on till a couple of years after it had started. The rumour of the revolution, on the other hand, immediately penetrated to the farthest corners of the huge country.

The revolution has taken its toll of blood, yet, compared to the tremendous results already obtained and the vast provinces conquered by the Canton army, the costs cannot be called great, very few regular battles having been fought for one thing. Chinamen have their own special method of fighting, and if there is a chance of obtaining results in a peaceful manner—either by negotiations, bribery of some dangerous opponent, or the like—they are ever ready to save both swords and lives.

The greater part of the ready money spent on revolutionary propaganda and the advance of the revolutionary armies has come from Russia, just as some of the best military results must be ascribed to the plans drafted by the Chinamen's Russian advisers. It is not too much to say that the greatest victories, so far, in this war have been achieved by the Russians through their political propaganda.

Their way of organizing this special part of the campaign has been nothing short of ingenious. They found just the right words to fire Chinese hearts, from the college youths down to the lowliest of coolies.

One of their most conspicuous forms of propaganda has been the street placards. Here in Nanking, for instance, every other house wall was *one* flaming orgy of colours, words and pictures. And so it was everywhere in the conquered provinces where the victorious Canton armies had entered and taken possession.

Not that this special kind of propaganda was new in China ; far from it. Even as far back as the turbulent days of the " Boxers " a number of illustrated fly-leaves were distributed broadcast over large areas ; they were painted in striking colours, the pictures representing the " foreign devils " in China, chiefly doctors and missionaries, engaged in cutting the hearts out of peaceful Chinese subjects. Women were especially ill-treated, the doctors were depicted cutting the unborn babe out of the mother's womb, with the intention of sending it to Europe for the concoction of medicine for white patients. These sketches, however, were too small in size to be termed placards.

From times immemorial the Chinese have understood as no one else the art of catching the attention of passers-by by means of gigantic inscriptions, painted in striking

colours, and either posted on walls or carried high on banners, etc. As for decorative effect there is nothing to be compared to Chinese writing ; each character in itself is a work of art. To understand the importance they themselves attach to the beauty of their characteristic inscriptions one must see an old, refined and highly-cultured Chinaman gently and reverently hold out for one's inspection his century-old proofs, carefully and minutely explaining to you the individual beauty and finish of each letter.

This decorative sense, innate in the Chinese, has been made good use of in the European and American advertising art. In the most far away corners of China you may come across the huge placards of the American Tobacco Company in colourings to gladden the Chinese heart.

The Russian Bolshevists have seen their advantage in cultivating this special form of propaganda, and it was therefore natural that they should carry their methods with them to China when they transferred their field of operations there. As the Canton armies advanced, placards with flaming colours and inciting slogans were distributed over the country, most of them clearly of Muscovite origin, both as regards subject and tradition. " The hands were Chinese, but the voice was that of Russia."

The types of placards are many and varied. There is, for instance, the primitive pavement drawings, to be found in abnormal size on most walls, the work of well-meaning but clumsy amateurs. The story these sketches tell is generally the same, of a most revolting and brutal nature : poor wretched Chinamen being massacred by the foreign devils. Or, by way of a change, lurid pictures of the same foreign devils receiving their just and

well-deserved punishment, when their time should come.

The exact opposite to these illustrations—childlike and inartistic of design, but nevertheless effective to a certain extent, inasmuch as they appeal strongly to the natural instinct of the ignorant masses—are the up-to-date propaganda placards, produced in the revolutionary printing establishments and spread all over the country in thousands. True, their story is frequently of a most spiteful and gruesome tendency, yet one cannot help acknowledging a certain amount of spirit and artistic sense in their design and execution. European influence is to be found in most of them.

While in Nanking I decided to pay a visit to these revolutionary printing offices. To get access to the place was anything but an easy matter, strongly guarded and barricaded as it was, and it was solely through the kind offices of one of Chiang-Kai-Shek's private entourage that I succeeded in being admitted to the establishment situated in the centre of the most ancient and labyrinthine parts of Nanking.

I entered, and found a number of small and narrow slips of rooms where many busy young Chinese, girls and youths, were engaged in drawing and designing placards. The printing was done in another part of the same building, and I was permitted to follow the proceedings through all the various stages of development. And I discovered whence comes the European influence so evident in the finished article—although there was not a single European working on them.

The artistic part of the work falls to the share of young Chinese girl students; little, eager, energetic people with shingled heads—very becoming, by the way—some of them wearing huge American spectacles on their little

stumps of noses. They had all been to school at the American mission college, where they had learnt drawing and painting, among other accomplishments. And now that there was a chance of turning these same accomplishments to practical use they gladly entered into the scheme and worked for eight hours every day, designing or colouring sanguinary placards calling upon their countrymen to destroy all foreign Imperialists.

This result can hardly be what the kind-hearted, unsuspecting missionaries had in view when they instructed all these little native girls so conscientiously.

It would be mild exaggeration if I were to maintain that the young ladies welcomed me with any show of delight on my sudden appearance in their midst. I was nothing but an ordinary wretched Imperialist and European in their eyes. The young, cultured Chinese woman, by nature gentle and charmingly graceful, will change into a veritable fury when inculcated with the spirit of revolution.

I learnt that, much to my cost, on a motoring tour in Shanghai, in the Chinese part of the city. We ran up against a whole crowd of Chinese women students, or rather, big schoolgirls, out on a propaganda tour, distributing leaflets and collecting money for the Nationalists. We stopped our car and got out to snapshot them in all innocence, but the moment they discovered the camera in my hands they fled like a flock of wild birds, shouting and abusing us as they ran ; they evidently took us for spies. One of them even succeeded in spitting into our car with a well-directed " shot " of fury and indignation. I am only sorry I did not succeed in getting a snap of the little angry Nationalist girl.

As regards the young women artists in the Nanking propaganda studios, their anger did not carry them that

MEMBERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STUDENTS' GUILD FORMED TO SUPPLY REVOLUTIONARY PRINTS AND LITERATURE

A DEMONSTRATION OF CHINESE BOY-SCOUTS

A CHINESE AGITATOR WORKING UP A CROWD BY EXHIBITING A POSTER OF A CHINAMAN BEING CRUCIFIED BY FOREIGNERS

WOMEN STUDENTS SERVING AS SOLDIERS

far, lucky for me ; I was under the protecting wing of a Chinese official of high rank in the Nationalist government offices—perhaps that accounted for my being let off so easily. They contented themselves by looking unapproachable and engrossed in their work. Voices were icy and aloof when the illustrations had to be explained and the inscriptions translated to me. But what can you expect ? When people are engaged day after day in creating and composing inciting and crushing denouncements of all foreign Imperialists they cannot be expected to look pleased when one of these very monsters suddenly enters their doors.

By degrees, however, when I found a chance of telling some of these little revolutionary artists that some of their work was fine enough to win the admiration of horrid, imperialistic Europe herself, from whence I came, we began to understand each other better, and before I left we had become friends to such an extent that they presented me with a whole bundle of placards for me to take home to Europe. One of them even unbent so far as to offer to sketch me where I stood. I begged her to make me into a real, impish caricature of a "foreign devil," but she was not revolutionary enough to meet me in this. The sketch simply represented an ordinary schoolgirl conception of "a gentleman with glasses."

Though—may be that was just the irony of it !

Though pleased with the sketches given to me they were not really the ones I most wanted. The fact to account for this was the break up of the revolutionary party itself, which henceforth stood divided into two opposing groups, one headed by General Chiang-Kai-Shek confronting the Communistic government at Hankow. Consequently, a great many of the political placards at

that time were attacking Communism in China with great spirit and inventive genius.

Not that inner disturbances have caused the Chinese placard artists to forget their old hatred of all foreigners—far from it. We continued to get our due, only the designers had been far too considerate of my feelings when picking out an assortment for me to take away with me. They "forgot" the most blood-curdling specimens of "white devils" and "devastation," and gave me some Communistic subjects instead. It was not till later on—at "Red" Hankow, the hotbed of Communism—that I succeeded in completing my collection of propaganda placards.

The next step after the designing of the placards is the distribution of the finished article. Here, once more, it was the cultured young Chinese, students and big schoolboys, who assisted. They were the ones who, often in imminent danger of their lives, sneaked into the towns and provinces in advance of the Nationalist army itself, preparing the soil for its reception ; and they were the people who, at the head of the advancing regiments, entered the towns and forthwith set to work pasting flaming placards on the city walls and houses, so that the features of Sun-Yat-Sen and the sun-banner of Kuomin-tang might smile at you in all their freshly unrolled glory from everywhere.

Indeed, there was a special corps of female propagandists attached to the advance guard of the Nationalist army : young students and big schoolgirls who wore uniform and followed the army wherever it went.

They looked jolly and smart in their warlike get up, but they were not to be trifled with on any account ; their intentions were serious all through. Considering everything, the idealism and self-sacrifice on the part of

the young people of China, men and women, cannot be too highly praised. Their share in the revolutionary movement was a feature of exceptional interest and significance.

Of course there can be only one opinion on the question of the everlasting mass meetings, with their endless flow of resolutions and protests, processions and demonstrations ; they are sheer waste of time and energy. All the same, it is the psychology of the suggestive rule of the masses triumphing here.

One may smile at the childlike *naïveté*, the fanatic ignorance of the revolutionary youths of China, and feel indignant at the utter want of conscientiousness and responsibility exhibited by the leaders who turn the brutal instincts and the ignorance of the masses to good account while furthering their own selfish plans.

There may be many and varied opinions about Chinese conditions at the present moment, but one cannot close one's eyes to the fact that what is happening now is nothing more nor less than the awakening of the Chinese dragon.

A new era is dawning, and it is up to the white race to find her proper focus while there is yet time.

Whether the new era will bring increase of happiness to China no one can foretell ; the answer to this question will not be known till some day in the future, long after the gaily-coloured political placards on the ancient city walls and the little eager Chinese women who painted them have become dust and ashes.

CHAPTER VII

THREE "MUSKETEERS" ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

WE were three "musketeers" who met at the dirty, lousy Chinese hotel, the smartest in the town of Nanking.

My host, the English postmaster-general, had been obliged to go away on business. Therefore we three were the only white men in the town just then, each arrived from his own separate corner of the globe: the "Chicago Tribune's" correspondent, his boots not yet dry from the Mississippi floods; the "New York Times'" man, who had been sitting in Japan watching the political puzzle of the Japanese; and finally the writer of these pages, arriving from insouciance and golden sunshine on the blue lagoon of the ocean where the pearl centres are, near New Guinea.

We had all three listened to the well-meant warning harangues meted out to us by our respective Consuls about not venturing into China during the present critical stage of affairs, and had then spent another week in overthrowing the walls of Jericho, that is to say, making arrangements with the Nationalist government at Nanking so that we might enter the country and go up North to the seat of war, and from there on to Peking under the special protection of the government itself. This was the first time such an application had been presented to the victorious Nationalist government, whose armies were advancing with the battle-cry:

"TRIBUNE" AND "TIMES" WATCHING OUR LUGGAGE WHILE WE WAITED FOR A TRAIN TO THE FRONT

SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONALIST ARMY WAITING FOR A TRAIN TO THE FRONT

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT—ALL SEATS BOOKED!

DEMONSTRATIONS AT THE STATIONS CHEERING CHIANG-KAI-SHEK ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FRONT IN HIS SPECIAL TRAIN

"Death to all Imperialists"—in other words, foreigners of all sorts. This accounted for the time it took us to get things arranged. It was not till we had invented the catch-word "international practice," and made use of it on all occasions when friction would appear to be imminent, that we succeeded in obtaining our wish.

Then, just when we were on the point of congratulating ourselves, some fresh difficulty suddenly cropped up: who should affix the final stamp to our passports and other legal documents? The Ministry for Foreign Affairs were of opinion that it was the business of the military officials at Headquarters; Headquarters, however, were loath to deprive the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of this pleasure. Both were anxious to get out of doing it in case anything happened. The whole affair was almost wrecked on the rock of formality. We consumed numberless cups of China tea with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, also with the head of the War Department and with many other kind and smiling people who escaped out of our grip like eels whenever we hinted at a definite settlement of our application.

Finally we invented a solution which appealed to the Chinese inherent love of compromise and was seized upon with enthusiasm by both parties concerned. What we suggested was that both departments—the Foreign as well as the War Department—should affix their respective seals to our passports, in which case we, in return for such kindness, would be willing to issue a statement to the effect that neither of these departments would be called over the coals in any way should anything unpleasant happen to us during our stay at the front.

And that solved the problem to the satisfaction of all.

We each of us received a band to wear round our left

arm ; on it was the seal and stamp of the War Department and some big Chinese characters explaining that we were peaceable folks, correspondents and guests of the War Department. We also each of us received a passport full of scarlet inscriptions telling the same story and permitting us to move about unhindered in the parts of the country occupied by the Nationalist army. To crown the undertaking we were given a Chinese officer, captain of foot, to go with us and assist us all the way till we reached Headquarters at the front near the town of Suchow.

Things thus settled down satisfactorily after all. We arranged to go all three together, and hired a Chinese cook used to practising his art under primitive conditions ; then we bought the necessary outfit, consisting of tent-beds, etc., and provisions to last us three weeks. The last item on our programme was securing the services of a young and able Chinese interpreter who spoke English, the Mandarine and various dialects of the provinces where the fight was then progressing.

Our preparations finished and the day of departure fixed, we thought it wise to spend our last evening in Nanking making a night of it. We consequently invited the young Chinese official whom we had pestered most during the period of application to join us for the fun. He proved to be a most intelligent young man with an excellent college training, kind and attentive, and he moreover showed himself as an incomparable *maître de plaisir*.

We four together did make a night of it ; a night when all Chinese problems and the critical situation of the moment were consigned to oblivion for the time being ; a night on the river, gently swaying in one of the picturesque " flower boats " hired for the occasion,

with the friendly moon hanging above our heads and gigantic Chinese paper lanterns, fantastically coloured and of weird shapes, rocking and swinging to and fro beneath the bamboo awning of our boat. A Chinese meal with a whole series of culinary mysteries, and the sweetest bouquet of five little peach-blossom sing-song girls to gladden the heart of us all with music and song and other kinds of little tricks during and after dinner. Indeed, they were a veritable feast to the eye as they sat there on their mats, demure and smiling, wrapped in shining silk; but as for their music and singing, it was enough to rend the ear and make one say things in one's own language beneath one's breath.

Perhaps it was just we, white savages, who did not grasp the beauty of it. At any rate their performance seemed to delight all their own countrymen passing us in boats. Lots of Chinese parties appeared to be out for a gay evening, like us, each party in their own "flower boat"; and as we wound our way in and out past each other gay words passed and greetings were exchanged.

Only the somewhat surprised look on Chinese faces at the sight of us three white men in a "flower boat" and their questions to our young Chinese friend reminded us of the time, barely two months ago, when white men were massacred and houses sacked and burnt down to the ground in this same town where we now happened to be. No sign of "white hatred" or suspicion came to disturb the harmony of the evening, so in a short while we had entirely forgotten that what had brought us there in company was chaos and revolution—not the joys of a peaceful holiday trip.

The next morning, however, brought us rudely back to stern reality. To begin with, we were called at early

dawn by the Chinese "Boots," who told us that the officer who was to accompany us to the front had come; he was waiting downstairs and wished us to know that the train of the day—each day has its train, and no more—was leaving within five minutes.

Seeing that there was half an hour's journey from our hotel to the station on the other side of the river, and that we also needed time to get into our clothes, we gave up going that day. The Chinese captain was indifferent. He had done what he had been ordered to do; he had informed us of the departure of the train. It did not, however, take us long to discover that his bringing the message so late was not merely an accident; he really was the most inveterate "foreign hater" we had ever come across, always trying to make things as difficult for us as he had it in his power to do, yet outwardly suave and smiling the whole time.

By sending our interpreter to the station we learnt that, after all, the train was not leaving till two o'clock in the afternoon. In other words, there was ample time for our cook to do a little necessary shopping before leaving, and for "New York Times" to despatch a telegram to his paper at home. Both set out about ten o'clock with the rain pouring down on their heads. It continued coming down in torrents; the rickshaw coolies were toddling despondently along through the puddles and rivulets in the road while the raindrops pattered on the mackintosh covers of the hoods. Barely half an hour before the scheduled time of departure of our train, "Times" came rushing back after having spent the whole morning trying to get a Press telegram sent off. He was to have special permission to send it, the telegraph clerks told him; but from whom he was to obtain this permit no one could tell him in that hurly-

burly reigning in the administration offices of the Nanking government.

Never mind, there was still time to catch the train. But where was our cook? During the hour it took for him to turn up we three "musketeers" sat on our luggage while the rain was still streaming down and realized for the seven hundred and seventy-seventh time how hopeless it was to expect punctuality and reliability from the children of the East, as far as time and appointment are concerned.

"Times," who had spent his whole store of American swear words during the hours at the telegraph station and on his way back to the hotel with the telegram still in his pocket, now started swearing in Japanese and various South American tongues, which sounded most impressive. "Times" was short of stature, plump and rotund like a good-sized billiard ball, with much the same hitting capacity. "Tribune," on the other hand, was lean and tall and bony and of a more reflective temperament. His lack of expletives, he explained, was due to the fact of his being a clergyman's son from North Carolina and having had no practise in the gentle art in his earliest youth. All the same he possessed a profound and extensive knowledge of nigger oaths from the Southern States, reminiscences of the time when he worked on the railway lines as a labourer. He, like many other prominent American journalists, had had a varied career before he took his degree at the university and became a newspaper man.

As for me, the third in the triumvirate, my small store of Danish swear words was soon exhausted, so it was only by sheer force of invention that I was able to make any show of competition in the match.

Finally, when all our forces were spent, our cook

arrived, patter-pit, pitter-pat, through the streaming rain with three tins of preserved fruits in his hands. He explained quite cheerfully that he had spent the whole morning in vain endeavours to procure a tin of pine-apple, which we had suggested that he should take along with him. That it might be infinitely more important not to miss the day's train never occurred to him for an instant.

Next morning, to be on the safe side, we arrived at the station shortly after six o'clock. The train was supposed to start at seven o'clock ; but at the same time the private train of General Chiang-Kai-Shek was waiting there, ready to go to the front, and rumour said that it would be leaving the station about noon. About nine o'clock our protector the Chinese captain appeared, still only half awake ; he did his best to induce us to go by the coolie train, which was still there !

It consisted of two open vans filled either with stores of food or munitions for the soldiers at the front, or else packed to bursting point with coolies and soldiers, so that our only chance would have been to ride on the buffers between the two vans. We calculated that the tour would last some twenty-four hours at the least with the old spinning-wheel of an engine that was to draw the train. Twenty-four hours on the buffers with the rain splashing down incessantly was not prepossessing to our minds. We consequently advised our friend Captain " Helpless " (as we had christened him) to take the coolie train himself ; we for our part would go by General Chiang's train. And we kept to our decision in spite of the captain's kind assurances of our never getting permission to follow our plan.

It was true that all doors of the compartments were locked, so far ; but, nothing loath, we concocted a plan of action, discussing it in French, which Captain " Help-

less" did not understand. While two of us kept him busy discussing with us the military situation of the moment, "Times" rolled on to the station-master's office and bluffed that official by showing his passport from Headquarters, so that the man agreed to unlock the door to one of the saloon cars for us to get in. Once inside we arranged ourselves most comfortably in two adjoining compartments. When Captain "Helpless" discovered what had happened he did his level best to get us chucked out—he, of all people, who was there on purpose to help us and speed us on our journey. We might get into the luggage van, he suggested. We returned the compliment by generously leaving him the run of it all to himself, swearing that we would not budge unless General Chiang himself came up to us and ordered us to get out. That finished him; he trotted away and vanished from our sight.

And we kept our position in spite of numerous attempts at chasing us away. What helped us more than anything else in our struggle was a placard full of strange Chinese characters and scarlet official stamps saying, so that he who runs might read and wonder, that we were the guests of the Nationalist Headquarters and stood under its protection. That was the notice which had been stuck on our door at the hotel by the Nationalist government officials to prevent the soldiers from forcing their way into our rooms in the middle of the night for the purpose of cross-examining us. "Tribune" had had the presence of mind to carry this label away with him, and it was now doing excellent duty on the door of our compartment in the General's special train. What we little knew then, it also came in handy to us on several later occasions during our wanderings up North.

About noon the goods and coolie train began slowly

crawling out of the station ; the rain was still coming down with unabated vigour. Luckily for them, most Chinese soldiers carry umbrellas ; as they stood in the open van they looked like a veritable forest of yellow oilskin mushrooms going past. Those inside the vans were not so badly off, in comparison, to the wretches clinging, so to speak, by the skin of their teeth to the outside—i.e., the steps, the buffers, or anything to which a man can cling. How many of them were lost on the road during the next twenty-four hours no one knew—nor cared. Human lives are cheap in these parts.

Shortly after noon we saw the members of General Chiang's bodyguard crowding on to the platform, drawing up in files outside his private compartment. Mere boys they were, all short of stature, hailing from South China by the look of them. Their uniforms were of field-grey khaki with long scarlet tassels hanging down from their belts ; not half bad they looked, as soldiers go. The sight of them cheered our spirits. Surely we should now see His Excellency himself arriving in a moment or two, and then off we should go. Alas, one does not get to know China in a hurry ; we had still a lot to learn. We lived to see the same bodyguard file up at least half a dozen times during the afternoon, blowing their brass horns, and retiring as before.

A little body of young painters with their pots and brushes were decorating the coaches of the train—first of all the state coach of the General himself—with fantastic signs in yellow, white and blue. This was the only one of the luxurious coaches belonging to the once so famous "Blue Train" still left. I little dreamt, when four years ago I came this way in the beautiful, shining "Dragon of Blue," that one day not long after I should see it again, in a dilapidated condition, trundling along

in all its palpable shabbiness beneath the inscriptions: "Down with the Imperialists!" "Long live Sun-Yat-Sen's Three Principles!" "Good Luck to our Leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek!" etc.

The time of departure of our train was proclaimed at intervals: two o'clock—five o'clock—seven o'clock; but nothing happened. We passed the time of waiting in devouring each two steaming bowls of rice with lumps of salt fish, cured pork and onions; we were getting quite handy with the chop-sticks by the end of the day. A couple of bananas for dessert followed by an after-dinner nap. We had been up since four o'clock in the morning, and had got to that state of indifference that we did not care when the train left. After all, nothing would happen at the front before the Commander-in-Chief arrived, so we need not worry ourselves, seeing that we should be there punctually at the same time as the Marshal himself!

Late in the afternoon it did seem as though something was going to happen at last. The platform gradually became thronged with a medley of uniforms and officials in plain clothes. Long rows of coolies came filing down, dragging heavy luggage, boxes, trunks and tent-beds after them; also stores and crockery. Next came the staff of the "Political Bureau," young students with European and American college training; they carried bundles of placards and leaflets in their arms, sufficient to cover the whole of the historical Chinese Wall from beginning to end. They were going North to prepare the ground for the army advancing towards Peking.

A small procession of coolies, running, or rather skipping, in *tempo*, singing monotonously the while, now appeared on the platform, strongly guarded by a detachment of soldiers. Two and two they walked,

between each pair a solid-looking chest which they were dragging along. These iron-bound chests contained nothing but silver coins, one of the officers explained to us. Whether these coins were to be spent on soldiers' wages or were to be used for buying the good graces of some general of the opposing party he did not mention.

At last, when it was close on eight o'clock, we saw the palanquin of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief coming slowly up the platform towards the train. Only he himself was not in it ! Another hour dragged along, and the space outside our windows was becoming more and more crowded with files of soldiers and people of note arriving to speed the departing army leader. Then a blast of brass instruments ; first the horns alone, the military bands joining in with the crashing strains of the Chinese " Marseillaise " ; the soldiers presented arms and General Chiang-Kai-Shek himself came slowly down the platform, accompanied by some twenty staff officers. He was wearing a plain khaki tunic, no signs whatever of his exalted rank. Passing our compartment and seeing us three " musketeers " at the window, our faces immediately above the inscription on our door : " Death to all Imperialists ! " he smiled and bowed most amiably ; it was evident that he had grasped the humour of the situation. A moment later and the signal was given for the train to start. We glided out into the darkness and the rain towards our first destination, Suchow, in South Shantung, from where the next attack on the enemy's front was to be carried out.

This was General Chiang's first visit to Suchow on his triumphal advance, so it was really quite a kind of triumphal entry.

He was up and astir at dawn to greet those military units who had come to honour him in passing ; heaps of

private people were also at the various stations to catch a glimpse in passing of the mightiest man of the moment.

Each time we passed a station we noticed a shower of printed matter flying and fluttering out of the windows of the " Political Bureau " coach. Like snowflakes they fell to the ground or whirled along in our wake.

We three received a visit in our compartment of two plain-clothes men, the delegates of the so-called " Christian " General Feng Yu-Hsiang, who, after having kept in the background for some time, was now stepping on to the political platform once more. The two gentlemen had been to Nanking on a secret diplomatic mission. It was clear that there was something going on between the two heads, Chiang-Kai-Shek and Feng Yu-Hsiang, something connected with this sudden trip to Suchow.

Our two early visitors represented two distinctly different types. Both were dressed in Chinese garb. One of them was a former manager of the Tientsin-Mukden Railway Company, a big, heavy fellow with a sly glint in his eye. His name was Ting Tuang Sias. He spoke very little English ; his friend, Mr. Han An, was more fluent. His type was most original ; he was small and thin, his somewhat florid complexion and half-closed, sleepy slits of eyes making him look as if a prolonged sojourn in England had made him a lover and connoisseur of whisky. He had not been with us long, however, before we realized that a keen intelligence lurked behind those heavy orbs.

Feng Yu-Hsiang knew what he was about when he invited Mr. Han An to accompany him on his Moscow tour some few years back. At that time it was of great importance to the general to convince the Russian Bolshevists of his sound Communistic convictions ; and he succeeded in his mission to all appearances. At any

rate he was standing to-day at the head of quite an imposing army, strong enough to turn the scales to whichever side he chose.

Our two visitors, however, had not come especially to discuss Feng Yu-Hsiang's politics ; their interest was mainly centred on what the world was saying about the Japanese incursions into the province of Shantung. Were the Powers inclined to take this as a sign of Japan's wish to check the advance of the Nationalist armies on Peking ? Further, they were rather anxious to know what the World said about the Nanking atrocities—a question not yet settled politically.

My two colleagues were doing their level best to convince their Chinese interlocutors of the integrity of their country, U.S.A. ; they fervently assured the two Chinamen that, when U.S.A. agreed to let her gunboats open fire on Nanking and since had sent two thousand marines ashore at Tientsin, her motives had been nothing but philanthropic towards China.

I alone was representing Europe, at whose expense my American friends were now endeavouring to fish in troubled waters. I had, however, an excellent means of defence and retaliation in the new American Immigration Law, showing their love for China by forbidding Chinese subjects to enter U.S.A. So, whenever the alluring American strains became too marked, I just called upon them, in all friendliness, to sing that special verse about Chinese immigration. That stopped them, for the time being at any rate.

Our guests helped us to while away the time in pleasant and interesting conversation.

And now our train was steaming into the station at Nan Suchow, the biggest junction before we reach Suchow itself. Here, at Nan Suchow, were fought the

last decisive battles forcing the North party to fall back on Shantung, thus opening the way to Suchow for the regiments of Chiang-Kai-Shek. For this reason the General's reception by the population was more than usually festive here.

Thousands of people had come out to hail the victorious leader. Summer sun and gay colours, flags and banners everywhere. Four or five bands (all brass) were playing at the same time, each their own different melody, their shrill music helping to swell the chorus of cheers greeting the General as he stepped out of his compartment on to a small temporary platform nearby, from which he made a short speech. His voice was clear and carried well, his features were strong and intelligent, and he looked alert and full of energy. There was something convincing about Chiang-Kai-Shek when he spoke from a platform. But the task he had taken upon his shoulders of uniting the 350 million of China in one ideal, which in itself would mean peace and independence to all Chinese subjects—such a task required a leader of quite superhuman qualities.

A couple of hours later, and he drove past the railway station outside Suchow, through the old city gates and into the festively decorated city itself. Flaming inscriptions greeted him from every house-wall, from temple doors and gates. Flags and banners and streamers everywhere. All the inhabitants of the town and several thousand soldiers were out to cheer the conquering hero on his entrance into their city ; it was quite difficult for the man himself to get through the crowds. At last, however, the General's car was seen entering the gates of the military headquarters, and the triumphal procession had reached its destination.

Left alone behind were we three " musketeers," who

had to find shelter somewhere in the overcrowded town where we were the only foreigners, and where, from each wall and gable, the words were staring at us, in letters of fire: "Down with the foreigners! Death to all Imperialists!"

CHAPTER VIII

AT THE NATIONALIST HEADQUARTERS

THINGS did not look any too promising, to start with. Captain "Helpless," who had kept aloof from us ever since we refused to leave our seats in the special train at his orders, now came forward to wish us good luck for the rest of our trip as he was retiring from his duties as our "chaperon." We asked him about the way to the nearest hotel and received the answer that that was no concern of *his*. His instructions had been to accompany us as far as Suchow. We were now at Suchow and his mission was accomplished. Upon which parting speech he smiled a wintry smile, baring a pair of long and yellow fangs, clashed his heels and bowing low, withdrew from our presence.

"Times" and "Tribune" looked at each other as if to say: "Will you or shall I—settle him?" But inasmuch as we remembered, while yet it was time, that in China to lose one's temper may result in "losing face," we pulled ourselves together and we started humming "Home, sweet home" instead. We then gave orders to our eight rickshaws, filled with all the various odds and ends of our field equipment, to our interpreter and our cook to steer their course towards the town; the station is a little way outside.

As if it were not sufficient for a town of that size to be the centre of an army of 200,000 men, gathered together in preparation for the advance on Peking, the

special train of the Commander-in-Chief had now arrived, with a number of staff officers, members of political committees, ministers with their secretaries, etc., who were all to find quarters in the already overcrowded place.

We three held a brief council of war just outside the old city gates in the wall, surrounded by the usual crowd of onlookers, come to stare at these white men suddenly appearing in their midst. We agreed that we could do nothing better than continue playing our parts as the special guests of Chiang-Kai-Shek, although knowing in our hearts that this was something worse than a pious fraud, seeing that the Nanking government officials had done what they could to dissuade us from going.

But let me say it here : if the authorities here in Suchow really were aware that we had come, so to speak, at our own invitation, they certainly made the best of a bad bargain !

When driving through the gates of the city we had the satisfaction of seeing the sentries present arms to us—so utterly taken aback were they at the sight of three Imperialists marching straight into the lion's den, the headquarters of Chiang-Kai-Shek himself. The officer in charge at once busied himself with finding suitable quarters for us, the commander of the fort appeared at the scene with four bottles of iced lager beer, one for himself, the rest for us. May he be granted a soft berth for ever after, for what he brought us was the last remnant of beer in all Suchow, cooled on the last lumps of ice taken from the refrigerant van of His Excellency General Chiang's own special express train. Our gratitude, which is everlasting, can only be measured by the heat of the day and the amount of dust we had had to swallow.

After a few hours' waiting, which was spent in being

introduced to a whole galaxy of prominent Chinese officials, military and otherwise, all kind and amiable, a messenger came to inform us that the question of billeting had now been arranged, and that we were to be accompanied to our destination by a military escort.

Consequently we set out with all our paraphernalia through a maze of narrow lanes and alleys until at last we stopped outside a fine, idyllic-looking old mansion in pure Chinese style of architecture ; a number of courtyards, one after the other, with green trees and flowers, galleries and bevelled roofs ; at the entrance doors two grotesque lions of sandstone. This building was the original Chamber of Commerce of the city, now doing duty as barracks : the officers' quarters of the tenth army corps were to be found there. Here we were soon snugly installed in a spacious room. According to Chinese conceptions of cleanliness it left nothing to be desired ; it contained one big table, three chairs and four bunks—all we needed.

We had had very little sleep since our start from Nanking thirty-six hours before, and had hoped to make up for lost time now. But we reckoned without our hosts—the Chinamen. All the afternoon an incessant stream of visitors found their way to our new quarters. Portly and dignified gentlemen, members of the Chamber of Commerce, arrived in order to ask us what we thought about the present situation in the country, to give us a hearty welcome to their chambers and tell us the latest reports about the advance in these parts of the victorious Nationalist armies.

Next came the headmaster of the City School of Art, who told us of his work, and what tribulations the conditions of war had brought on him. No sooner had we bidden him farewell than a party of officers, quartered in

our building, arrived, headed by a jovial-looking colonel of artillery. This was the moment in the proceedings to offer neat cognac to our guests instead of tea and biscuits. We felt we really couldn't offer tea and cakes to this crowd of sturdy warriors who, at the head of the Nationalist army, had fought their way through China right from Canton to the province of Shantung. Feelings soon began to run high, and the visit ended in our being escorted in procession to the officers' quarters to partake of a most epicurean Chinese dinner under great manifestations of mutual friendliness.

It was a strange feeling for us three foreigners to be sitting here friendly and jolly beside men of that army which had as its password, "Down with the foreigners," and from whose advance white men and women had fled in terror.

The lights from the chandeliers and candlesticks arranged on the table cast flickering shadows over the ancient Chinese writings on the walls executed on polished lacquer tablets, over the beautiful scarlet silk banners hanging side by side with florid revolutionary placards, and over the characteristic circle of Mongolian types gathered round the table. However, there was not much chance of losing oneself in dreamy reflections.

The colonel of artillery led the fun all through. He had a strongly defined Tartar face with energetic and rugged features, and when he, in his somewhat raucous soldier's voice, began to tell us all about his twelve guns and their share in the victory south of Suchow, or when he sang his soldier songs, accompanied in the chorus by his comrades, he seemed to me a true type of the old devil-may-care musketeer. If the Nationalists possess many officers of his type they will get to Peking, sure enough.

My two colleagues also took their share in entertaining the company; they contributed a series of plantation songs in strongly nasal voices and reeking with sentiment; but the colonel of the guns, who knew more English than the others, translated the contents into Chinese in a certain free style of his own which aroused wild delight amongst his brother officers. Whether it was the colonel's translation or the rendering of the two Americans which caused the applause will never be known.

Speeches were made and toasts given, the latter all referring to subjects as far as possible removed from death and imperialism. When at length we left the gay and festive gathering, accompanied to our house by most of the guests present, we said to ourselves that this, our first day at the headquarters of the Chinese revolution, had turned out very differently from what we might have expected. During what remained of the night it became quite clear to us all that the worst enemies of foreigners in China are the mosquitoes, the gnats and the bugs.

The following day was a festival in Suchow. The sun banner of revolution was fluttering everywhere in the main streets. Gigantic pieces of canvas with Chinese inscriptions were suspended from house to house across the streets, and long, scarlet streamers with golden letters were fluttering in the breeze. The last new propaganda placards were affixed to the walls. They arrived fresh from the Nanking printers by the same train as we, and it was the political propaganda staff, the students—male and female—who had been out pasting them on the walls in the small hours. The startling colouring and simple design, easily understood by the man in the street, were collecting crowds every-

where, whom you heard commenting and approving at intervals.

There was a large mass meeting arranged just outside the city walls during the morning. Chiang-Kai-Shek himself and some of his most prominent generals had promised to speak and, as it was the first time the famous leader of the Nationalists on his triumphal progress up country had visited this ancient and important city, the event was one of the utmost interest. From an early hour we saw streams of people wending their way towards the place of assembly.

We three were solemnly invited to be present and set out for the meeting place in rickshaws.

It was hard work forcing our way through the densely thronged streets, blocked every other minute by a festive procession with waving banners, the next minute by a detachment of soldiers in field-grey uniforms ; they were on the way to the front and carried with them a strange collection of pots, pans, rifles, umbrellas, rugs and mats belonging to their field kit, as well as voluminous wicker-baskets filled with all sorts of odds and ends. Then came, perhaps, a caravan of mules, or a long file of coolies trotting along with heavy burdens swaying on bamboo poles—or some massive looking, most ante-diluvian trucks drawn by five or six slow and melancholy-looking oxen.

Inseparably connected with this chaotic traffic was the infernal noise and racket of it all ; the shrill and flat horn-signals of the soldiers, the heart-rending creaking of cart-wheels never greased, the lacerating braying of the mules, the sing-song shouts of the street vendors, the howls and yells of coolies and rickshaw men charging full tilt into one another with their various burdens and vehicles.

Dominating the whole was an indescribable atmosphere without which China would not be China. It was this that caused the world-famed old Chinese statesman, Li Hung-Chang, to exclaim when driving along the straight and neat avenues of Berlin : " Give me the smell of Tientsin again ! " This balsamic compound of rancid oils and garlic, of perspiring men and cooking odours, of refuse and putrefaction, which ten Chinese revolutions would not be able to destroy.

When at last we reached the open space outside the city where the celebrations were to take place we found a crowd of many thousands awaiting the further development of events. Over the wide space palpitated in the sunlight a veritable sea of scarlet banners and flags belonging to the many corporations and leagues who had joined the National movement. Soldiers and children were everywhere, all carrying miniature revolution flags in their hands.

Besides the grand platform where Chiang-Kai-Shek was to address the people there were two smaller ones at the outskirts of the square, where already a whole band of revolutionary canvassers were busily engaged in stirring up the feelings of the audience by their rhythmical shouts of " *Dar-Dor-Ti-Kuo-Chu-Yi !* " which interpreted means, " Down with the Imperialists ! " and " *Dar-Dor-Chun-Var !* " " Down with the Militarists ! " They kept it up till their voices were too hoarse to utter more than a few hissing sounds. Chinese voices were not meant for platform speaking ; they are too high pitched and frail as a rule.

This was also the case with Chiang-Kai-Shek's voice ; but, all the same, there was power and authority in his whole appearance as he stood there on the platform haranguing his audience ; besides, his fame and popularity

just at that moment had reached a pitch when it was only necessary for him to show himself for the enthusiasm of the crowd to break out in thunderous applause.

We three " Imperialists " had been given seats on the grand platform itself—only a few yards from where the speaker was standing. This gave us an excellent opportunity to study him while listening to his words and taking snapshots. Besides calling upon his listeners to carry on the struggle for the liberation of their country and for the three principles of their venerated leader, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, he vigorously attacked the Japanese who had just sent troops to Shantung with the camouflaged intention of securing this province for themselves and preventing the advance of the Nationalist army. He further denounced the rumours spread by the Communists which stamped him as an opposer of the doctrines of Christianity and also of Confucius. The Nationalists were going to leave the question of religion to the individual, he declared.

The speaker finished his oration with the traditional cheers for the three Sun-Yat-Sen principles : " Of the People, By the People, For the People."

Shouts of acclamation from the throats of many thousands greeted his efforts, flags were waved and banners fluttered. The meeting was at an end. Before leaving the grand platform Chiang-Kai-Shek stopped for a moment to greet us with a friendly smile and to tell us that he hoped we should be comfortable in Suchow. We assured him that we had no reason to doubt it. A moment later his car, surrounded by the soldiers of his bodyguard, was seen skimming across the sunny stretches of the wide common towards the town.

Our difficulties in navigating the crowded streets this morning were nothing to our efforts to reach home.

We stopped outside a shop to purchase some yards of gauze for making a mosquito net ; the only tradesmen, however, who had such goods to sell were either strongly anti-Imperialist or else did not believe in working on the Sabbath—which meant that all shops and booths were closed in honour of the General's visit. The shopman would sit at his first-floor window smoking his pipe complaisantly and flatly refused to come down to serve us. There was only one way out of the difficulty—as we were determined not to spend another night the prey of mosquitoes and other fat parasites—we must go straight back to headquarters and ask for assistance.

Our petition was forthwith complied with : we were given two soldiers who trotted beside us, gun in hand, and when we arrived at the shop they played the devil's tattoo on the door of the reluctant tradesman with the result that he himself came rushing downstairs and opened the shop door to us in frantic haste. He and the two soldiers exchanged views on each others' behaviour in a not too friendly way—but what did we care as long as we got our mosquito net ?

We reached our quarters to find that the boy who was left to look after the house in our absence had made himself scarce, with the result that the place was crowded with soldiers smoking our cigarettes and examining the contents of our luggage with profound interest. They did not object to being turned out of the room, only some of them assembled outside our doors and windows, whence they watched our doings with the most flattering attention and, when getting our interpreter to ask them what they specially wanted to know we found out that most of them had never before seen a white man. They came from some of the remotest parts of China, but seeing that they had been brought up to think that their

task in life, as soldiers, was to fight for the liberation of their country from the oppression of the " white devils," you cannot blame them for making a profound study of those " devils " now they had got the chance. They appeared friendly enough in spite of all and took to studying us in turn, the one lot trotting away when the next one arrived; but when some of their officers appeared on the scene they all vanished instantly at a sign from one of them.

The officers had come to invite us to dine with General Wang, Commander-in-Chief of the army capturing Suchow, and under whose protecting wings we three had been placed. We were on our way there when a message reached us to the effect that headquarters had just received a telegram saying that Feng Yu-Hsiang, the so-called " Christian " General, whose attitude towards Chiang-Kai-Shek up till now had been somewhat uncertain, was on his way to Suchow for the purpose of starting negotiations and would be here early the next day. This definite piece of news aroused great excitement, although whispers had been circulating in intimate circles for some days.

As the house first assigned to us, the Chamber of Commerce, had been placed at the disposition of General Feng and his staff, we were given a house entirely to ourselves in some school buildings where the political propaganda bureau was also quartered. A whole detachment of soldiers were told off to assist us in moving. On our way to our new quarters regiments of soldiers marching into the town constantly passed us; it was evident that the expected arrival of General Feng Yu-Hsiang had caused this sudden military activity. Important events were shaping, so it would appear.

The dinner at General Wang's was quite European

in character, and most of the officers present had been trained and educated in Europe. The General himself was a gruff and characteristic soldier type, and an excellent orator and raconteur. He gave us a whole series of interesting anecdotes from the advance of the Nationalist army ; for instance, he related some episodes from the fight against the " White Russians " now doing duty as mercenaries in the Shantung regiments of the North army. They were said to have numbered about 3,000 to start with, but at this stage of events only half of them were supposed to be alive.

These Russians represented the last remnants of the " White Army " expelled from Siberia and Mongolia by the Bolshevists. Wild and desperate fellows, they had been fighting in the army right from the first days of the World War. They fought like devils, knowing that there was no chance of survival for them should they be taken prisoners.

I asked the General what happened to those Russians who were caught. He replied that they were either executed then and there, or else given over to the inhabitants of some town where they had been looting and murdering immediately before their capture. In either case death was certain, he said.

After the official part of the proceedings had come to an end and the General had left the rest of us still continued our genial intercourse for some hours. Many of the young officers present had studied in France, where they had spent seven to eight years at schools and military colleges ; they were only just back in fact, and it was evident at this stage of the evening's celebrations that it was reminiscences of their happy days in Paris which filled their thoughts rather than the Chinese revolution. Some of them accompanied us when at

last we took our departure to our new quarters, armed with several bottles of Burgundy, a flute and a Chinese guitar.

Our present abode was right at the top of an old Chinese dwelling-house, reminding one of a mediæval turret, with solid walls and steep and winding stone stairs fitted with peep-holes, through which you had an extensive view over the ancient city with its walls, its old bell towers and confusion of bevelled roofs, narrow alleys and closed court-yards ; a wonderful panorama in the cool and limpid moonlit night.

Only a few moments, and the flute and guitar were sending frail and wistful Chinese melodies out over the peaceful landscape below ; by and by these national airs were succeeded by lively modern airs from the cafes of Montmartre.

As a characteristic of the end of this festive gathering and as a vivid illustration of the ways and habits of this strange country of contradictions, I still see before my mind's eye the picture of three young Chinese officers in field uniform—men just home from the front on a few days' leave and who were going back to resume the fight for liberty against their country's oppressors, the white devils—dancing a Charleston to one of the latest Parisian popular tunes so that all the bats and bugs in the old tower were startled from their sleep and began to realize that there was a revolution in China.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN CHINESE GENERALS CONFEDERATE

WE arrived at Suchow in the middle of June, and a few days later it ran like wildfire through the town that General Feng Yu-Hsiang, the so-called " Christian " General, was on his way from Chengchow to meet the Nationalist leader, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, and that his train might arrive at any moment.

There was a further rumour saying that General Feng had had a conference only a few days ago with the leading men of the Hankow government, and that they, for their part, were fully convinced of his loyal adherence to their party—the North party. Moreover, he had been on extremely friendly terms with the Russian, Borodin, the soul of the " Red " movement in China ; it should also be remembered that Feng had been Russia's guest in August, 1926, when he paid a visit to Moscow and was given means to reinforce his stricken army.

Even if the initiated knew that General Feng contemplated making friendly overtures to Chiang-Kai-Shek, they did not expect any definite result from such a meeting after General Feng's recent friendly conference with the Hankow government. One thing, however, was clear : General Feng up till now had always been considered in sympathy with the reddest of the " Reds "—and now, here he was, on his way to the stronghold of the Nationalists, Suchow, a town where every wall and gate was pasted full of propaganda

placards denouncing the "Reds" and the Communists at Hankow.

To lessen the threatening effect of these propaganda demonstrations against a party to whom the visitor of the day up till now had been openly attached and whom he had not yet officially discarded, the inhabitants of Suchow busied themselves with posting other placards beside the ones already there, with the word "Welcome" in gay colours to catch the eye, and draping huge banners across the streets with inscriptions to the same effect. In a few hours time the Nationalist Propaganda Corps—the only one of all the numerous revolutionary institutions working really systematically and worthy of remark—had thus succeeded in imparting to the Nationalist city an official stamp of "Feng enthusiasm," notwithstanding the fact that a few days previously no one knew whether the man thus welcomed was friend or foe. As to that, no one was the wiser on the day of his entry into the city. He came to see and learn before taking up a definite standpoint.

We three confederates held our own private council upstairs in the old turret where we lived, and congratulated ourselves that we had succeeded in getting through to the front just at this exciting moment.

It seemed clear to us that this meeting about to take place between the two generals might be of momentous interest to all parties concerned. Should the Nationalist party succeed in winning over General Feng Yu-Hsiang so that a genuine understanding might result in strong military co-operation between the two leaders their chance of reaching Peking would be stronger than ever. On the other hand, it should not be overlooked that Feng Yu-Hsiang was the most subtle schemer and the slyest old fox known in the annals of Chinese politics

during the last fifteen years, and that means something.

Time after time he betrayed his would-be friends and allies when they least expected it. It was his double-dealing that caused the disaster in 1924 to the Peking general, Wu Pei Fu, against Chang Tso-Lin of Mukden. After having accomplished that much, Feng saw his advantage, shortly afterwards, in getting Chang Tso-Lin pushed aside, he himself taking his place as ruler of Peking. However, the revenge of Heaven overtook him at last ; 1926 saw the annihilation of his, General Feng's, Peking army, the last straggling remains of the once proud regiments disappearing in the bleak and remote parts of the country north-west of the Nankow Pass.

Feng Yu-Hsiang, however, was not easily daunted ; his was a persistent nature, unscrupulous as to ways and means as long as he reached his goal, whatever it might be at the moment. While reigning at Peking, as head of his party, he had at one time found it opportune to appear as a friend of Christianity ; he took to distributing Bibles and holding divine service for his soldiers who were baptized in companies, at his orders. That was how he came to be called the " Christian General " and enjoyed for a time the confidence of the nations interested in China ; particularly, a certain naive set in America who had great faith in him.

It is but fair to mention here that even during the very worst period of his subtle scheming, when he played tricks which could not be called Christian on various of his trusted friends and confederates, he was invariably kind and sympathetic towards missionaries and always protected them from being molested in any way. It should further be said in his favour that his mode of living has always been frugal and simple, as it used to be

in the poor and lowly home of his childhood. Feng Yu-Hsiang is essentially a son of the people ; he has never levied heavy taxes to fill his own purse, and he is the only one of the Chinese generals who knows how to maintain order and discipline amongst his soldiers. And that is the best that can be said in General Feng Yu-Hsiang's favour.

After his last disaster he turned his attention to Communism. His conversion from a fervent Christian to a fiery Bolshevist came rather suddenly, and he immediately set out for Moscow. What happened there, at the headquarters of Bolshevism, is not known, but one result at least was evident to every one : a couple of months later General Feng appeared on the political arena with a re-organized army of about 150,000 men, of which 10,000 were horse, fierce and fiery Moslems from Kansu ; men who ride like gods and fight like devils, and each night bow their bronzed visages in humble adoration towards Mecca.

No more psalm singing and Bible reading in Feng's army.

Feng let the spring of 1927 go past without joining either of the fighting parties. But after the fierce battles round Chengchow on the Hankow-Peking railway in the first days of June, when the Hankow party lost about 20,000 men against the North party, Feng suddenly advanced from the west, seizing the important strategic point, the railway junction at Chengchow.

Through this neatly calculated manœuvre Feng succeeded in appearing on the scene as a threat to all three parties warring in China at the moment. Neither the Hankow nor the Peking parties dared advance for fear of having their lines of communication with headquarters cut by Feng ; Chiang-Kai-Shek, at the head of the

Nationalist army, ran precisely the same risk if he were to continue his advance from Suchow along the Pukow-Tientsin railway.

And thus it came about that Feng Yu-Hsiang, who barely a year back seemed to have been rendered completely inactive, all of a sudden became the mighty man whose friendship was desired by everybody. To join the North party, however, was out of the question for Feng, inasmuch as its leader, Chang Tso-Lin, who held the reins at Peking, was his bitterest enemy, and the main point of Feng's present politics was to settle accounts with this man and once more establish himself in his place as the ruler at Peking. So General Feng had to decide between joining the Communists at Hankow—or making common cause with the more moderate Nationalists under Chiang-Kai-Shek. And he was now coming to Suchow to solve this problem. It was common knowledge that his reappearance as a mighty army leader was entirely due to assistance from Moscow, but Feng did not care ; if they liked to think him a Communist, let them. He was essentially a practical man to whom the end always justified the means.

Feng did not come to Suchow alone and unprotected. He was accompanied by a bodyguard of five thousand soldiers. As for Chiang-Kai-Shek, he did everything in his power to let his guest see how welcome he was at headquarters. At three o'clock in the morning he set out in his private train to meet Feng ; they came back to Suchow together and the conference, which began at once, lasted most of the morning. After it there was a lunch, to which we three correspondents had the honour to be invited through the courtesy of General Chiang. Besides the two generals there were only a few of the leading politicians present. We had thus an excellent

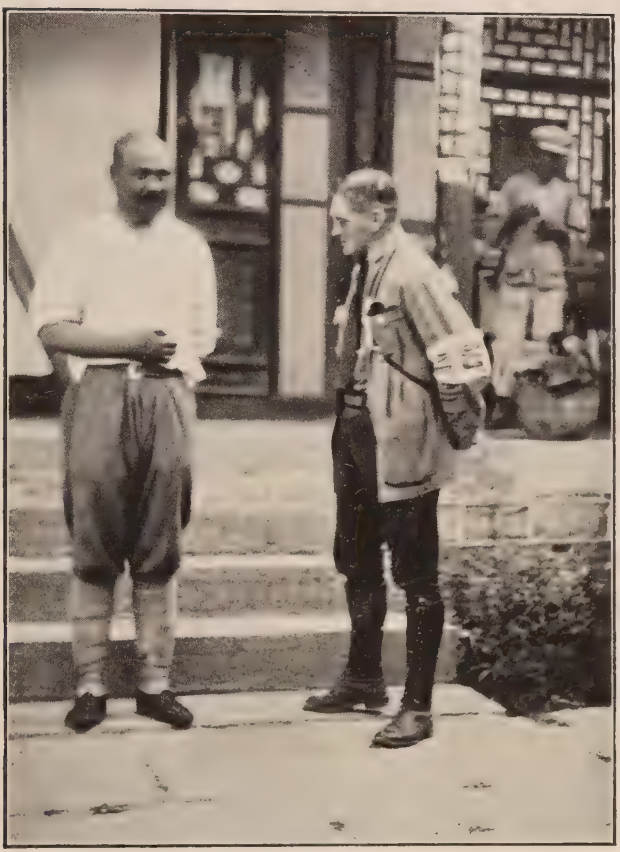
opportunity of studying at close quarters the two men who were important factors in the immediate future of China.

I had met Feng Yu-Hsiang in Peking four years earlier. He was then Wu Pei Fu's favourite general. He had grown stouter and the bulldog expression in his face had become more marked than ever. Sitting there, heavy, ponderous and dogged, beside General Chiang-Kai-Shek, the latter looked strangely small and unassuming in comparison. They exchanged some curt remarks at intervals, Chiang-Kai-Shek smiling nervously. One searched in vain for any trace of that self-confidence and superiority which characterized him when speaking at the mass meetings outside Suchow a few days before.

Feng Yu-Hsiang, arrant old schemer and soldier of fortune, looked as if he were only awaiting the propitious moment for swallowing up Chiang-Kai-Shek, and what was more, the latter himself seemed to realize it. Their manner towards each other was, nevertheless, a pattern of friendliness and sympathy. The two had need of each other just then.

Luncheon being over the two generals were photographed together. It was the first time they had ever met, so the photos were of historical interest and recorded in black and white the marked difference between these types of Chinese leaders. Standing there side by side in front of the camera it was clear to the onlookers that Feng was nearly a head taller than Chiang-Kai-Shek; in which connection Feng remarked to Chiang, with a sly little smile: "That means that you must remove my headpiece and add it to your own to be a match for me."

To appreciate the subtlety of this remark it is necessary to know that to this day it is common usage in China to



FENG-YU-HSIANG INVITING THE AUTHOR TO DINE WITH HIM AT PEKING WHEN IT HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE NATIONALIST ARMY

SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONALIST ARMY CARRYING UMBRELLAS WITH THEIR KIT

GENERAL P. T. WANG, LEADER OF THE 10TH NATIONALIST ARMY WHICH CAPTURED SUCHOW

invite a political rival or a man who for some reason or other is an impediment in your way to dine with you and then have his head chopped off after dinner is over. And Feng may be right in his suggestion. He himself would certainly not hesitate one moment to follow the precept if some one barred his progress, wittingly or unwittingly.

Feng had hardly reached his own quarters after the conference at General Chiang's before he sent a message to a prominent general in the army—Chin Yin Ao by name—to dine with him that very evening in order to confer about various matters. Chin Yin Ao was one of Wu Pei Fu's generals once upon a time, but had gone over to the Communists and was now working with the Hankow party. He had just expressed his willingness to join General Feng, accompanied by his army of 40,000 men, but Feng suspected him of double-dealing, and had asked him to dinner on purpose to find out.

Chin Yin Ao came quite unsuspectingly and was beheaded immediately the meal was over.

It is but fair to mention that Chin Yin Ao tried precisely the same trick about a year ago on one of his colonels, a former brigand chief by the name of Chang, only this man escaped before the diners had come to the "dessert." He became suspicious and backing out of the fatal dining-room, a pistol in each hand, fled down the stairs and lost no time in mounting his horse, which he had ordered to be kept ready and saddled all the time he was inside the house. At this time he was the Commander-in-Chief of an army of 30,000.

After lunch, when Chiang-Kai-Shek had withdrawn to transact official duties, we had occasion to converse with his guest, General Feng Yu-Hsiang. He had made himself comfortable by removing his tunic, and was

now leaning back in his chair in his shirt-sleeves ; neither the man nor the shirt looked specially clean and he did not appear to have shaved for weeks. There was not much style about him ; he looked most of all like a big, rough coolie. He glanced from one to the other of us with his little sly slits of eyes, and there was a foxy smile round his coarse mouth as if he would say : " Well, here we are ! Let us see who gets the better of this interview."

It certainly must be admitted that he is a master in the Chinese art of replying to all questions, direct or indirect, and yet telling you nothing of what you want to know.

He informed us that he had come to Suchow for the purpose of visiting his very kind friend, Chiang-Kai-Shek. As we retaliated that we thought his very kind friends were at Hankow, he explained that that was so ; only friends could be near or distant. And at this moment his Hankow friends belong to the latter group. Just as we three were his friends, he added with a little malicious laugh.

To our question regarding the political intention of his visit to Suchow he told us that he had come as a mediator between two governments. We asked where his own sympathies would be if he did not succeed in his peacemaking errand, to which he cleverly replied that we presupposed an impossibility ; he was going to succeed in his mission.

What were the changes that had taken place lately at Hankow, since peace between the two parties would now appear to be a certainty, was our next question, to which he replied, deferentially, that the best way would be for us to go to Hankow and find out for ourselves. His visit to Moscow the year before he characterized as a recreation tour.

Ever since his return from Moscow in 1926 the burning

question had been to find out his standpoint with regard to the Communist movement in China; so far he had carefully avoided giving himself away. In reply to our question we now got a deliberate rejoinder to the effect that if the rehabilitation of the poor classes of China; three meals a day instead of starvation; shelter and clothes instead of rags and open air; sound teaching instead of profound ignorance . . . if that were Communism, well, then Feng Yu-Hsiang was a Communist.

At this point we gave up all hopes of ever getting a solution of the problem: Feng and Communism; and then it was that "Chicago Tribune," who was always on the lookout for sensational information for his American readers, put the naive question: "And are you still a Christian, sir?"

Feng stroked his stubbly cheeks, indicated with his forefinger his dirty soldier's shirt and his creased army trousers, asking with a broad grin: "Do I look like a Christian?" The subtlety of his answer did not dawn on "Tribune" till we had explained it to him. He could not make any sensation out of that, poor fellow!

Our conversation then turned to the military situation. And let me say here that of all the Chinese generals I have met and interviewed on the matter, Feng is the only one who at once seized pencil and paper to outline his idea of the situation—which he did remarkably well, explaining as he went along. The fact that on the map the chances were strongly in favour of the South party—to whom he allotted three times as many men as really belonged to them—only showed his intention of strengthening our belief in the superiority of the South army.

As if wanting to emphasize his own belief in the ultimate victory of the Nationalists Feng invited me to dine with him at Peking as soon as the army of the South

had had time to hoist their victorious sun banners over China's ancient capital. Only he forgot to mention the hour and the day.

The following days the two generals continued their conferences from early morn to late at night. The leading men of the Nationalist party, members of the so-called Central Executive Committee, had been called by telegram from Nanking to Suchow. It seemed as if the prospective alliance between the two generals was really coming off! After two or three days spent in negotiations there was a big state banquet to which we were invited as the three only foreigners in Suchow. The banquet was celebrated in the ordinary European style, and we were given knives and forks and spoons to manipulate instead of the native chop-sticks. Apart from this, the table manners were the usual Chinese ones; no revolution in this domain, so far, in China!

Generals Feng and Chiang made long and ardent speeches to one another about their wish to fight for the three principles of the late Sun-Yat-Sen against Imperialism and Militarism and the common enemy in the North. It seemed clear that the two army leaders had now found each other. Chiang-Kai-Shek was still a little nervous, although less constrained than on the first day; but it was still Feng who dominated the proceedings with his massive and self-reliant personality.

After some more conferences about military co-operation Feng got ready to return to his headquarters at Chengchow. A new and interesting constellation had appeared on the political horizon of China, and her soil was prepared for ever new and unforeseen events.

The advance on Peking might start now.

While the political conferences were proceeding we three musketeers spent our time in getting a most instruc-

tive and interesting peep into the workings of the extraordinary machinery, the curious medley of good and bad, which constitutes the Chinese military system. And now we were faced with the important alternative, whether to stay up here at the front and accompany the Nationalist army on its advance on Tsinanfu, capital of the Shantung province, and from there on towards Tientsin and Peking, or to hurry back to Shanghai with what " copy " we had been able to collect so far in order to give our news to the world while it was yet fresh.

We were unable to despatch a telegram from Suchow without the risk of having it stopped or at least censured, and conditions in this respect were not likely to improve as we advanced further up country. On the other hand, we should miss the advance on Peking if we left now. If we stayed should we see it all? Perhaps, but we should be unable to tell the world about it, at the time.

My two comrades were finding the choice even harder than I. Let me explain that they were specialists in " latest telegrams," which meant that their chief ambition was to get hold of the most sensational bits of news obtainable and report them before any of their competitors. It was this ambition which had made them brave the dangers and hardships of the Chinese fighting front while their colleagues from other American dailies were taking it easy at Shanghai.

While discussing the matter in our turret whence we had such a beautiful view over the sunbaked roofs of Suchow a visitor darkened our doors. It was no less a personage than the conqueror of the town himself, General T. P. Wang, Commander of the tenth army corps. It was he who gave the dinner in our honour the very first night we stayed in Suchow, and he had continued to be friendly and kind to us all through. He eagerly

persuaded us to follow the advance of the army, and promised to secure us good mounts as well as baggage mules, etc. As to the alliance with Feng Yu-Hsiang he told us straight out that he did not believe in it. " Wait another month and ask me again," he said, shaking his head misgivingly.

These words from one of the leading generals, together with a passing remark from Dr. C. C. Wu, of Nanking, throwing doubt on an advance to Peking, and finally, the threatening attitude of the Hankow government in Chiang-Kai-Shek's rear, all pointed to the serious possibility of the famous Nationalist push not coming off, at any rate not for some time to come . . . and meanwhile we three up here would continue to be beguiled with golden promises of things about to happen. That would be the worst thing that could happen to us ! Far rather return to Shanghai at once and get our cables sent off, and then come back here eventually, if events proved it worth our while.

And the three of us set to work at once getting ready for immediate departure.

CHAPTER X

ON THE ROAD WITH CHIANG-KAI-SHEK

GETTING up to the front had been a very intricate business, owing to all the various Chinese formalities ; getting back again was a feat.

We had been provided with an order from no less a person than the Chinese chief traffic manager at Suchow, that was to procure a first-class saloon carriage for our return journey. The kind and benevolent gentleman, who handed us this precious document with a number of profound bows and assurances of his eternal friendship, was without doubt perfectly clear on one point : that he might as well have ordered an airship to be held ready for us, or a submarine, or a white elephant. That would have been no harder to procure than a first-class saloon car under the present chaotic conditions of railway traffic in China.

The night we made up our minds to depart for Nanking and Shanghai we took upon ourselves the task of inspecting the station grounds, and found here an old, dilapidated, closed goods wagon ; it had obviously been shunted on to a blind track and forgotten. We found the station-master, who was kind and affable but very confused and appeared to be suffering from softening of the brain owing to the hopeless wilderness of traffic problems threatening to engulf him, as he could not possibly meet half of the demands thrust at him. Here, at any rate, was something he could do, and this is what

we said to him by way of explanation : " There are no first-class carriages, we know that. Well, let this old shed of a car be tacked on to the first train leaving here to-morrow morning, and we shall be quite content."

The next morning early, when we arrived at the station with our joint luggage, our cook and interpreter, the old fuel shed was still standing on the side track where we found it the day before. On one of the main tracks there was a train with about thirty wagons, most of them uncovered goods trucks. Hundreds of coolies were fighting like grim death to keep hanging on to the train. We thought at first that the station-master had forgotten his promise to us about our old box, but it turned out to be nothing but smartness on his part : if he had had it coupled on to the train it would have been appropriated by coolies long ago. As it was there was no suspicion of its belonging to any train, and we were thus able to arrange ourselves comfortably in it without fear of being disturbed. We got our paraphernalia safely stored and our camp-beds put up—in short, made ourselves as snug as it was possible to be in a dirty box of a car which leaked and had big holes burnt in the floor where former occupants, Chinese travellers, had made fires for cooking their meals.

Simultaneously with us a young Chinese officer arrived at the station. He proved to be a colonel in the Nationalist army, was chief of the telegraph, telephone and radio department, and had been trained in Europe and spoke excellent English. We had met him the previous evening, when he had promised to send four soldiers to help with our luggage and to protect us from being overwhelmed by coolies on the road towards Nanking. That was what he had come about now. A second Chinese passenger arrived almost at the same

time as the colonel ; a corpulent gentleman resembling a well-to-do tradesman. He brought with him a note from headquarters which said that he was to have access to our precious old box and travel together with us.

We drew the partition doors of our compartment together so closely that the crevice left was too narrow for any human being to slip through and posted two soldiers with fixed bayonets at each door. For four hours we waited patiently on the side track. Then, in the very last moment before the train began to move, the engine came over to fetch us, our old box thus heading the procession immediately behind the engine. Meanwhile the rain had started coming down with its usual force, and when the coolies on the platform saw a real, *bona fide* passenger coach, roofed in, being coupled to the train, they immediately rushed at it in hundreds. Luckily we had foreseen this and were prepared to meet the onslaught, so that not a single one got in. We were only sorry that we were not able to understand and appreciate the execrations and other well-meant forms of address with which we were overwhelmed by the disappointed coolies ; no doubt they showed both imaginative and poetical talent. A score of them managed to climb from the tender up on to our roof ; the rest were left behind on the platform.

When the soldiers of the Northern army were forced to fall back from Nanking and retire towards Shantung they brought away with them most of the rolling stock belonging to the Pukow-Tientsin railway. Besides a few passenger coaches and goods trucks, the Nationalists only succeeded in appropriating four decrepit engines which soon collapsed entirely, at any rate three of them ; the fourth was the one which, puffing and snorting and rattling, was now dragging us along. Our train con-

sisted of thirty coaches and trucks, not counting our own special car. We had to stop at frequent intervals for our poor old decrepit engine to recover her breath; each time she stopped the harder it was to start. At last, after having dragged us a distance of eighteen kilometres and coming to a rise on the road, she flatly refused to budge. The result was a delay at a small station where a hundred or more people were talking all at the same time about what ought to be done, trying in vain to get into telegraphic or telephonic communication with Suchow. A general suggested, backed by us, that the engine should proceed to Nanking with his and our carriage only; he was travelling on important military business and had to get on at any cost. But the engine driver emphasized the necessity of taking the engine back to Suchow for repairs—and that was what finally happened.

Before leaving the station we stood by while a regular hand-to-hand fight was going on concerning our precious box. The four soldiers who were supposed to keep guard while we were at the station-master's office had very incautiously opened the partition doors wide, with the result that a swarm of coolies who most likely had been on the platform for days waiting for a chance to get away made a desperate attack on our carriage. The shrieks and howls and the hisses from the skirmish penetrated to the station-master's office where we stood. Looking out of the window to see what was the matter, we discovered a crowd of semi-nude bodies struggling wildly outside our domain to force the entrance at any cost. The invaders had got hold of one of the soldiers and was trying to drag him out by the leg. His comrades at the other doors left their posts to come to his rescue, as the cook, the interpreter and the fat merchant,

OUR QUARTERS IN SUCHOW

AN INFANTRY OFFICER AND AN ARTILLERY OFFICER OF THE 10TH NATIONALIST ARMY

VIEW FROM THE TOWER WHERE WE WERE QUARTERED

POSTER AT SUCHOW CALLING ON THE CHINESE NATION TO EXPEL ALL FOREIGNERS

unarmed as they were, were utterly unable to hold back the swarm of invaders. We were out of the office and on to the platform in less than no time, rushing behind the engine to reach the back of our carriage. "Tribune," long, dry and wiry, led the attack; "Times" brought up the rear, rolling along like a small but massive ball.

Our friend and co-traveller, the fat Chinese merchant, could not use his hands, but he could use his brains. He had seen us coming and immediately grasped the point of our strategy. Quick as a flash he opened the partition doors just enough for us three to slip in. We found a whole band of coolies right in the middle of our floor, and others arriving every minute.

The four soldiers, who had become so confused that they were on the point of giving up the game, cheered up visibly at our entrance and started thumping the heads of the intruders in a most merciless manner with the butts of their rifles. No mercy was shown. The same boot which would carefully have avoided squashing a beetle on the road was here brutally planted on the hands which tried to drag you out of your carriage; we knew that if victory went to the coolies we should be out in the dirt and the splashing rain before either of us had time to say Jack Robinson—most likely minus our luggage, and badly smashed! And with not the slightest chance of getting away from this little country station for days to come.

However, we came off victorious in the end; and as the train started backing, the soldiers prodded the last attackers, who, standing on their comrades' shoulders, were trying to cling to the upper edge of our doors as we started.

Eight o'clock the same evening found us at the railway station of Suchow once more. And once more we began

worrying the poor, long-suffering station-master who fondly believed he had seen the last of us. He explained to us that the engine only needed a minor repair. We could not do better than remain quietly in our own special compartment, he assured us, advising us to go to bed to make the time pass quickly. The train would start again in a few hours. We agreed to follow his advice and pulled our doors close, barricading them securely; as further precautionary measure we made one of the soldiers sleep at each door. A sooty stable lantern was hanging in the centre of our abode, its poor little flame lending a certain kind of home-like appearance to the place in spite of mean surroundings and the rain leaking through the holes in our ceiling, while the wind howled monotonously outside and whistled through our doors and walls. Or perhaps it was our fat-bellied Chinese travelling companion and his equally rotund tea-pot with its pretty and dainty cups belonging to it, and the scent of his tea, which he now invited us to taste, which brought this whiff of home to our god-forsaken saloon—that and the smell of supper, which our cook was preparing in a corner of the compartment.

We were by this time on quite friendly terms with our fellow-passenger, who spoke quite a decent kind of English patois. In spite of his unassuming exterior he proved to be a man of note, a captain in the Nationalist army. He explained that he belonged to the Intelligence Service and was on his way back to Nanking to report upon the feelings and conditions amongst the inhabitants in the parts of Shantung which the Nationalists were about to enter. He had, in other words, been out on a regular spying job, and that same night, before going to sleep, he told us a lot of interesting details of his expedition.

It was something of a surprise to us when this apparently naive and harmless " fatty " revealed himself as identical with one of the most prominent men in the Nationalist secret service organization, a man whose hairless, billiard ball of a head had been wanted more than once by the opposite party.

We woke next morning at seven o'clock to find our train still in the same place outside Suchow station. The rain was coming down in torrents. " Tribune " sighed heavily once or twice, turned on his side and slept on.

Then all of a sudden " Times " and I happened to look out and see our old ramshackle engine, full steam up, coupled in front of Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek's special train ! We naturally lost no time in getting into our boots and rushing across several platforms to the main one in order to find out what was happening.

Here we saw the bodyguard of the Marshal lined up on parade, their front towards his wagon. It was clear that Chiang-Kai-Shek had made up his mind to return to Nanking for some reason unknown to us. Last night no one had heard anything about such a step. And then taking our engine—the only one to be had at Suchow ! What would happen to us, then, and to all our thirty trucks packed with coolies ? We would doubtless have to wait here another week or more. Our only chance now was to get into Chiang-Kai-Shek's train.

The next moment there was a blast on the horns, three or four bands played their various tunes at the same time, and down the platform came Chiang-Kai-Shek himself, accompanied by his whole staff. There was no time for reflection or formality. Just when he stopped outside his own wagon we stepped up to him, explained our precarious position in a few words, and asked his gracious permission to go to Nanking in His

Excellency's own special train. In spite of this woeful breach of etiquette on our part, the General invited us with the greatest cordiality to go with him in his own private carriage.

We started in three minutes. But we managed to rush back to our goods wagon, drag out our luggage as well as the still sleeping " Tribune," and get back in time with it all. We were obliged, however, to leave behind us all our stores and general outfit, as well as our cook and our camp-beds and the still snoring Chinese officer, after having done our best to rouse him by prodding him in the ribs. Our cook arrived five days later at Nanking ; the coolie train with our precious old box attached took all that time to do the journey.

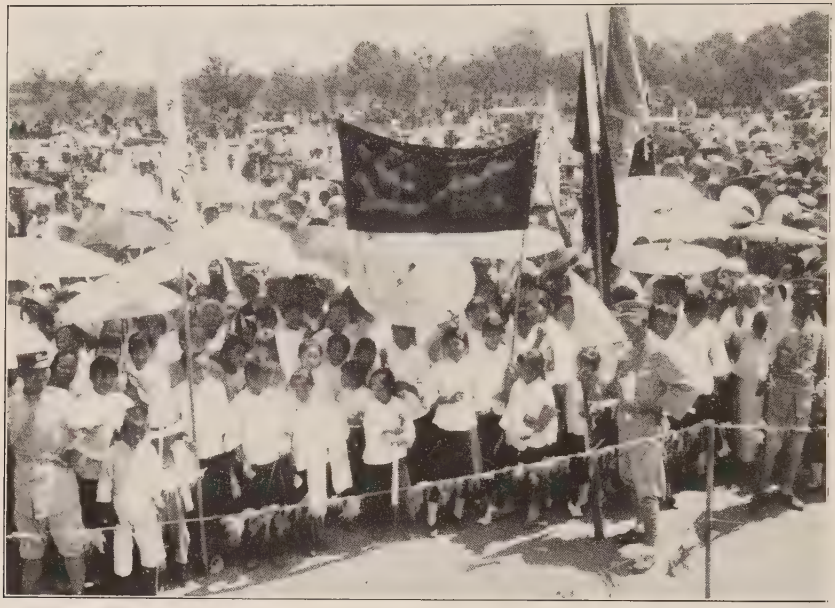
It was a tremendously sudden although distinctly agreeable change to find oneself, after twenty-four hours spent in a dirty old goods wagon, reclining comfortably amongst soft cushions on a big sofa in His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's own private car, on our way to Nanking, which we had almost lost hope of ever seeing again in this life.

" Tribune " was so sleepy and confused that he had to sit and collect his thoughts for some minutes before he realized where he was and what had happened to him. Then all of a sudden he became very wide awake on finding himself sitting only a few yards away from General Chiang-Kai-Shek himself, realizing at the same moment that he had indeed been luckier than words could tell in getting away from the front in such style.

We had been given seats in the middle compartment, which contained six tables with comfortable couches and easy chairs. General Chiang had arranged himself in one end of the saloon, and he and one of his private secretaries started work the moment the train left

CHIANG-KAI-SHEK SPEAKING AT A MASS-MEETING AT SUCHOW

VIEW FROM THE PLATFORM DURING CHIANG-KAI-SHEK'S SPEECH



CHINESE GIRL-STUDENTS AT THE MASS-MEETING

WOMEN PROPAGANDISTS FOLLOWING THE NATIONALIST ARMY

Suchow. He read one pile of letters and telegrams after the other, perused documents and signed them. Work being over, he sat for quite awhile looking out at the landscape we were passing through ; the provinces captured by his victorious army. There was a serious, meditative expression on his face—the features finely shaped, a youthful and manly face which won your sympathy at first sight by its look of integrity.

Maybe his thoughts were far ahead in the future, maybe he was wondering what difficulties were still in store for the Nationalist movement, whose leader he was ; not military difficulties only, but the various political troubles, interior and otherwise ; the struggle to bring this movement on to a sounder basis while envious hosts were watching, knives up their sleeves, ready to burst in and spoil the work in the shaping.

Considering the mountain of obstacles, the ocean of problems still to be solved in China, one could not help thinking that the man who was to shoulder this task would need superhuman strength in every way. Instinctively my eyes turned to Chiang-Kai-Shek as he sat there, lost in thought, a dreamy, gentle expression on his face. . . . He looked so frail, so altogether too small for the Herculean task fate had thrust upon him.

Our old rattle-box of an engine was not much better since its mishap of yesterday. In fact, it was as wheezy as ever and had to stop and recuperate every now and then at wayside stations.

Chiang-Kai-Shek invited us to lunch with him. The menu was the usual European dining-car one : soup, fish, roast chicken, and so on, the boy who served us speaking English. The explanation was that the car had previously been running between Pukow and

Tientsin in times of peace, and had, throughout all vicissitudes, kept its staff of Chinese cooks and boys.

As luncheon progressed the conversation passed from everyday topics to the burning question of the moment. Chiang-Kai-Shek spoke all the time in a calm, deliberate way ; it was clear that he considered every reply before expressing it. He wanted us to believe in the friendly co-operation of his party in finding a pacific solution of the foreign problem in China and the many intricate controversies still pending.

" An alliance has just been concluded," said Chiang-Kai-Shek, " with General Feng Yu-Hsiang, who is willing to join the Nanking government in fighting the North party ; however, if the leader of said party, Chang Tso-Lin, should show any inclination to acknowledge the three principles of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen and fall into line and subserve the purposes of the Nationalistic rule, we, on our part, shall be quite ready to meet him in a pacific spirit and thus avoid the last phase of the war of revolution being fought to its bitter end. So far, however, we have seen no signs of any such inclination on the part of Chang Tso-Lin."

Regarding the Hankow government, Chiang-Kai-Shek affirmed categorically that the possibility of co-operation with the Communistic element of this party was entirely out of the question ; on the other hand, it appeared to him quite possible that the more moderate wing would join the Nanking government sooner or later, and he promised in this connection to show us, in the course of the afternoon, the verbatim contents of the manifesto, or rather, ultimatum, to be sent to the government at Hankow as a result of the alliance between himself and General Feng, giving a clear account of their joint attitude.

During the whole of his political activities the ultimate goal of Feng Yu-Hsiang had been identical: the capture of Peking for himself—to reach which he had ruthlessly turned upon his trusted and chosen friends and allies time after time when it seemed to him that they might be impeding his progress in any way. Who knows but what he would do the same in this case and fail his new friend, Chiang-Kai-Shek, when least expected? With such thoughts in our minds we felt tempted to express them in words, putting the question straight to Chiang-Kai-Shek, reminding him that barely a couple of weeks had elapsed since the Communists at Hankow had believed in Feng as their sworn ally.

Chiang-Kai-Shek replied, full of confidence, that he believed in the integrity of Feng in this particular case.

Later on during the day he handed us a copy of the extremely interesting document to be sent to the Hankow government. His English-speaking secretary translated it to us on the spot while we took it down on our typewriters at top speed.

In was a declaration, in the form of an argumentative ultimatum, wherein General Feng Yu-Hsiang, on his own behalf as well as on the behalf of his ally, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, demanded the immediate expulsion of Borodin and his Russian assistants, and the expulsion from the court of all the Chinese Communistic leaders, at the same time calling upon the moderate elements of the Hankow government to join the Nanking government in fighting against the mutual enemy in the North.

There is no doubt but that this ultimatum, revealing to the Hankow leaders their trusted ally, General Feng, as an uncompromising opponent and fervent advocate of the Nationalistic principles, would be a great shock

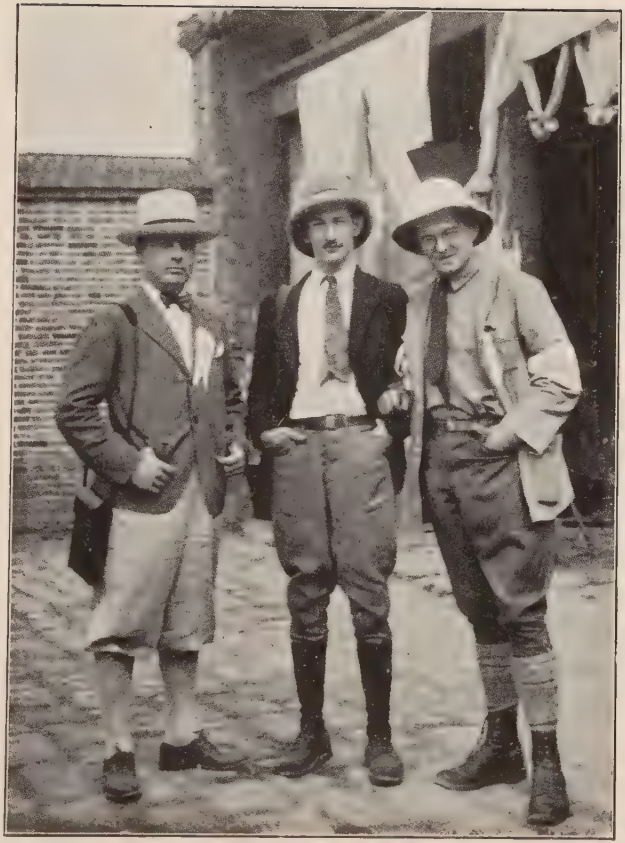
to the "Red" rule at Hankow. Turbulent waves would rise in the waters of political controversy when it came to replying to this document. The main point of importance in the whole note was of course the expulsion of Borodin, who has been the "man behind the scenes" or the motive power in the revolutionary movement ever since the days of Sun-Yat-Sen at Canton.

My two comrades were so eager to get to Shanghai for the sake of cabling this all-important news to their respective papers that, each time our old rocking-horse stopped to recover its breath, and the Chinese mechanics were on the point of giving it up for good, "Tribune" himself stepped out of his cosy corner and took upon himself the mean work of repairing the machinery, heedless of the fact that the engine on its sides bore the inscription, in bold letters: "Death to the Imperialists!" He had been a mechanic at one time of his career and had by no means forgotten his trade; at least he was black and sooty all over, and glistened with oil and exertion.

Finally, at two o'clock, in the dead of night, we reached our destination, Nanking, and after many difficulties we obtained sleeping accommodation for the night in a small and dirty cabin at the so-called Garden Hotel. One of us slept in a real bed, another in an easy-chair, and the third on the floor; things were arranged fair and square by the drawing of lots.

Next morning saw the parting of our ways, and we wished each other good luck on the road. "Times" and "Tribune" took the first train to Shanghai, while I preferred to make an attempt to get into touch with Borodin and his leading Chinese Communistic friends at Hankow. My idea was to be on the spot at the very

AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF CHIANG-KAI-SHEK GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR IN MEMORY OF HIS VISIT TO THE CHINESE FRONT

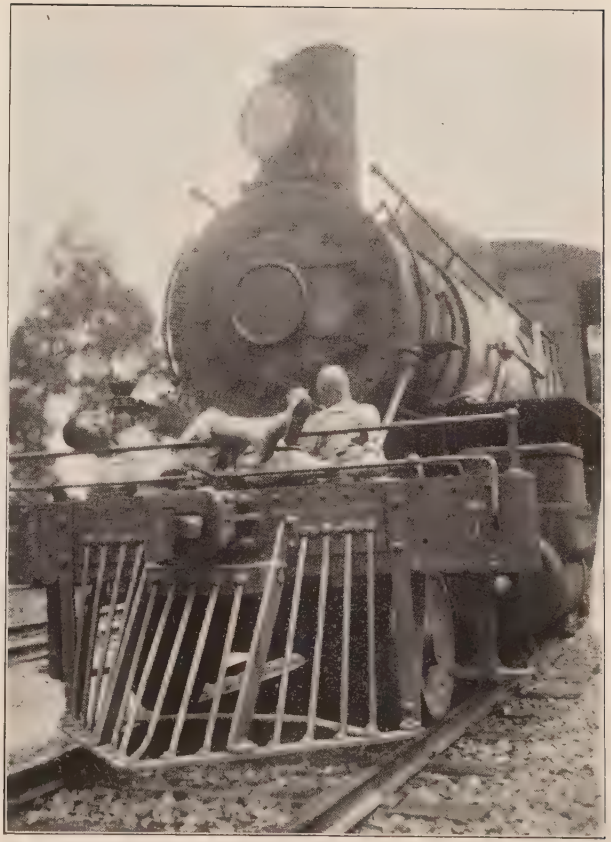


"THREE MUSKETEERS"

FRANCIS MISSELWITZ
New York Times

ROBERT PICKENS
Chicago Tribune

THE AUTHOR



EVERY SEAT HAS BEEN TAKEN EVEN ON THIS DECREPIT ENGINE

moment that Feng's and Chiang's ultimatum reached its destination; perhaps, if I was lucky in getting away from here quickly, I might even succeed in submitting my copy of it to Borodin before the arrival of the original document.

CHAPTER XI

"RED" HANKOW

HE grasped it at last, the "boy" in the fleas' nest where I was staying—the Garden Hotel at Nanking —that I meant what I said when I told him that I was in a d—— of a hurry to get away to Hankow. I had sent him to find out how many days I should have to wait for the steamboat.

A moment after I had seen "Tribune" and "Times" off in their rickshaws on their way to the railway station he came back breathless, telling me by means of signs and gesticulations and some few broken words in pidgin English that there was a Japanese steamer on the Yangtze River ready to depart for Hankow within a few minutes.

Luck indeed! But I had not a second to spare.

I actually managed to reach the steamer and get on board, ticketless, the very moment the anchor was being weighed. A fat Chinese comprador, who had rented the passenger part of the traffic on this line from the Japanese shipping company, came wobbling across the deck and up to me, waving his short fat stumps of arms, pointing shorewards and shouting in his not too refined pidgin lingo that he wanted no foreigners on his boat, and I should have to go ashore at once. My only chance was to delay matters by pretending not to understand his words until the boat had got safely underway; that was my plan and it succeeded. As the screws began to churn, the comprador was still standing in the same place

shouting at me ; then all of a sudden he turned on his heel, giving me up as a hopeless case and leaving me to find a berth for myself where I could. All cabins on board, first and second alike, were changed into veritable pigstyes with Chinese passengers sprawling everywhere, sleeping on sofas, tables and floors. The view which met my eyes on venturing downstairs was one mass of babies, orange-peel, paper and remains of meals, etc. The whole place had been degraded to a fifth-class compartment, but to make up for it the price was the same all over the ship.

The Japanese ship's officers were very kind to me and invited me most hospitably to take my meals with them in their private saloon, situated amidships, in dignified aloofness from the Chinese quarter, from where shouts and screams and singing could be heard all day and night, while gambling and opium smoking were going on at the same time. All through the hot hours of that first night on board I saw fat and bulgy Chinese merchants sitting round the Mahjong tables, naked to the waist ; when the rays of the ship's lanterns fell across their yellow bodies, glistening with oil and perspiration, they looked exactly like the bronze gods of Mammon crawled down from their lotus columns outside the temple in order to enjoy a few hours' gambling here.

The excitement of the game did not, however, make them forget other matters of more practical importance. Each time we stopped at a landing stage they were there, alert and watchful, doing business in their special line : money transactions of various kinds and opium smuggling. Hard times for an honest business man, no doubt, with chaos and uncertainty reigning supreme.

The Yangtze River, China's old high road to the ocean from times immemorial, lies almost deserted of traffic

just now. Only some few solitary junks and steamers were passing each other at intervals on the wide and yellow stream. Time after time it happened, moreover, that a steamer on its way to Hankow was shot at from the riverside. An English passenger boat going this way a few days before us had had two wounded, and a second steamer, arriving at Hankow two days after us, had had two casualties and two slightly wounded amongst her passengers. As for us, we were lucky enough to escape being used as target by the Chinese ; we were, however, prepared for eventualities on board our boat, the most vulnerable parts being covered with armoured plates impenetrable to rifle shots.

We anchored at Hankow after a forty-eight hours' trip.

If trade was slack at Canton and Shanghai it would be no exaggeration to say that commercial conditions at Hankow were desperately hopeless. All intercourse had stopped. No import, no steamers coming up the Yangtze River with full cargoes. Hankow paper currency was being quoted lower day by day ; in fact, quotations were rushing downwards at a terrific rate.

The European banks had closed. It was possible only for special customers to be allowed entry at the back-door.

The government had well-nigh exhausted the last of its resources, having squeezed the last silver coins out of the pockets of the big Chinese merchants.

The small colony of foreigners who—not counting the Russian Communists—were left in Hankow were there simply for the sake of protecting their property and interests as long as possible ; also to watch for any signs of improvement in trade and industry. There was one comfort, so they said : things could not get worse than they were at present. There was a kind of grim humour

in the way they took things, these last members of the Hankow foreign colony ; they found some comfort in the fact that the golf course was still intact while in Nanking the Chinese had changed it into trenches, blowing up parts of it by means of dynamite. And Hankow could still boast of possessing the finest race-course and the smartest race club in China.

A kind of international amateur jazz band had also been established, including members of no less than seven different nationalities. Most of them were officers from the foreign men-of-war guarding the entrance to the port of Hankow. Every Saturday night this orchestra gave a special " grand performance " at the race club, members making a point of being present in numbers ; they met to discuss the topics of the hour while the band was doing its level best to drown the noise of revolution in the music of the instruments.

Something had to be done to keep up one's spirits amidst the hopelessness of it all. But it was not always easy. For instance, there was my friend the French Post Commissary at Hankow, a plump, good-natured, easy-going fellow by nature and temperament, as rotund and complaisant as a vegetable marrow. He was supposed to take his orders from Peking, but it was really the Communistic trades unions at Hankow—the special branch for post office officials—he had to contend with. Their ideas, he told me, were somewhat original at times. He had by now got quite used to seeing their pickets and leaders enter his office at any moment of the day and, revolver in hand, demand that he give them the use of his office that evening for one of their meetings ; at other times they simply pointed their revolvers at him, threatening to shoot if he did not give in to some demand of theirs regarding something or other in the

postal routine work which did not suit their special fancies.

On one occasion the post-office clerks took it into their heads to demand a rise in their salary and a month's wages paid in advance ; as the postmaster would not agree at once they enforced their demand by locking him up in his own office for fourteen hours without food or drink. Another time it was the sorting clerks who did not wish to pass the exams necessary for admission to their special branch of the postal service ; they demanded that the clause about the exams be annulled, and as he refused they retaliated by declaring a strike for four hours. Such episodes have become the order of the day up here, but lately the situation had grown even worse than before.

A Chinese post-office clerk dismissed some time previously for embezzlement suddenly appeared on the scenes as secretary to the postal servants' branch of trades unions, and forthwith started a most malignant persecution of the poor harmless postal commissary. Every day during a fortnight or more there was an abusive article about him in the local Chinese papers, running the whole gamut of accusations from low Imperialist to thief, impostor and spy. The outcome of it all was that the commissary received orders from the trades union leaders to leave Hankow at a certain fixed date. This date they had been foresighted enough to fix immediately after a pay day, to prevent the commissary taking the " funds " away with him when leaving. These postal funds, so the leaders insisted, were not the property of the city of Hankow, but belonged by rights to the people themselves, meaning the labour leaders and their party.

Jolly and easy-going as he was the commissary, so far, had taken his troubles lightly, but now they were begin-

ning to affect his nerves. Not even the champagne nor the dance at the Cafe International—the favourite pleasure resort of Hankow—were able to make him forget ; up till now he had always been amongst those who led the fun, the chosen partner of pretty young Russian women dancing here night after night. These dances are the meeting place of the most striking contrasts. Russian Communists sent over from Moscow to work for the Chinese revolution were here rubbing shoulders with representatives of the powers of Imperialism, consuls and naval officers from the foreign men-of-war, who might be seen dancing amongst spies from all camps and prosperous native merchants.

I sat in the Cafe International one evening in company with the Portuguese Consul at Hankow, M. Belchenko, a native of Russia. In the time of the Czar he was Russian Consul-General at Shanghai and one of the most dangerous and uncompromising antagonists of Bolshevism, knowing, as he did, the secret behind it all : the destructive policy of Bolshevist organizations and their work in China, his clear and keen intelligence enabled him to see through all sham and pretence, right to the very heart of the game.

Only a couple of months back his house had been searched and plundered of everything of value, he himself escaping with his life by a mere freak of fate ; in so many words the raid failed that time since the chief object of the venture was still alive.

At a neighbouring table sat the leader of the Russian secret society, the "Tjeka" ; his name was Petroff. It was he who had planned the raid on his antagonist's house. Here they were, sitting almost side by side. They had no illusions as to their mutual feelings, these two ; they were fully aware that the stakes of their game

was life or death. For the fraction of a second they looked each other in the eyes—a steely, icy glitter—then both emptied their glasses with slow deliberation while the orchestra continued its noisy efforts with its usual fervency and disregard of personal feelings.

A few yards away from the table occupied by the "Red" members of the Tjeka were two English officers belonging to the Intelligence Department. Quite recently these two had saved the life of a young Russian member of the Tjeka, who for some reason or other had become obnoxious to the leaders of the society and was to be removed in all secrecy, as is the custom of this league. They had already got him as far as the place of extinction where the death warrant was to be carried out without ceremony. He succeeded, however, severely wounded as he was, in escaping from their clutches, and reached the race club rooms, where the two officers of the Intelligence Service came to his rescue, assisting him to safety in Shanghai.

These were but a few hasty glimpses beneath the gay surface of nocturnal life in Hankow, sufficient, nevertheless, to reveal to a thinking mind something of the embittered struggles being fought in the dark between the various Powers whose interests clashed in present-day China. A chapter of the Chinese revolution more fascinating than any detective novel ever written.

The lure which drew all these contrasting types and bitter antagonists to the same place of mirth night after night was, here as everywhere else in the world, Woman. Most of the young Russian women of the Cafe International belonged by birth and breeding to that class of imperialistic undesirables exiled by the Bolshevist rulers, but time is a safe cure for all sorts of wounds—especially out here in these far away parts of the globe.

The fair ones smiled at the bounteous giver of champagne with the same sweet effusiveness, whether he were a Communist leader or a representative from the lands of Imperialism.

During the last few days my friend the postmaster was cheering up a bit, it seemed to me. The fact was that things at Hankow were growing too involved to please even Borodin and his Communistic colleagues. They realized that it would never do to cut off all postal communication with the outer world and Hankow for the sake of some private squabble between the master and his clerks. When arriving at his office on the day fixed for his departure the commissary found that the government had taken over affairs: all the armed pickets and other representatives of the trades union had vanished, and my friend found himself once more installed in his rights as master of the situation—" until the next thundercloud bursts above my poor old head," as he jovially put it to me. It was no sinecure to be an imperialistic postmaster in the capital of Communism in China.

Hankow had, since the first day when the Communists took possession and the British concession was mobbed, developed into a veritable breeding centre for strikes, boycottings, mass meetings and street demonstrations. Practically the whole of the native population had been organized, even the dear old Chinese " Nannies " nursing the babies of well-to-do English and American families had been forced to enter a union of their own. They did not understand one little bit of it all; why, for instance, on the great native festivals or days of national importance like Sun-Yat-Sen's birthday, they were told to meet and march in the processions, stumbling painfully along on their poor little contorted feet. Their mistresses

and masters, seeing their sufferings, thought that it really was too hard on the poor old things who had served them so faithfully, often for a whole number of years. So next time the order came for Nanny to meet and celebrate she was brought to the place of meeting in the master's private car. The nurses, of course, were glad, but their Communistic union leaders did not hold with such imperialistic ways and ordered the poor Nannies not to try it on again, but to walk like other true citizens whose hearts were in the game.

Conditions here would be altogether insufferable if it were not for the humorous and often grotesque episodes brightening up the grim earnest now and then. A case in point is that of old man Cheng, porter at one of the biggest foreign banks at Hankow, who for thirty-one years on end had sat dozing peacefully outside the entrance gates of the bank manager's abode. One fine morning the poor old chap came to his master and told him tearfully that the labour leaders demanded that he should join a union.

The bank manager gave him the two dollar membership fee, advising him to go at once and get it over so as to escape further pesterings. Whereupon old Cheng toddled along to the office of the trades union and returned a member of same. Two weeks later a committee consisting of four Chinamen called on the bank manager in order to point out to him that he was acting illegally by keeping a rickshaw coolie employed as porter. The explanation of this astounding development was, so it was found, that old Cheng, who was somewhat senile and did not know the art of reading or writing, had by a mistake enlisted himself in the rickshaw coolies' branch union instead of amongst the porters. The bank manager explained all this to the trades union leaders, but it was

of no avail; Cheng would from now on have to be a coolie—no more serving as bank porter for him. And that was not all: the trades union demanded that the bank manager should forthwith engage a real porter in Cheng's place. In vain did the manager explain to them that he kept his own motor-car and never used a rickshaw; and poor old Cheng, who was well on in the sixties, and stiff-kneed and feeble, sobbed his heart out at the thought of having to leave his comfortable berth and take to a new trade at his age. Besides, he had no experience in running a rickshaw. And all this for the sake of the revolution and the three principles of Sun-Yat-Sen. He didn't understand it in the very least, he declared. " Could not Cheng give up his membership ? " asked his master. " Oh, yes, certainly, if he really wished; but that would not alter the fact that it was illegal to enter another profession than one's own original one; he was entered in the union as a rickshaw coolie and as such would have to give up his present job then and there. If the bank manager did not at once engage a " unionized" porter—a member of the porters' trades union branch—he would be boycotted immediately, all his native servants walking out on the spot.

The manager lost patience by degrees, and declared that if he were to have a new porter he could not afford to pay for a useless rickshaw coolie at the same time. Cheng would have to go. That resulted in a visit from the head of the rickshaw coolies' trades union branch, who explained to the manager that a rickshaw man, member of the union, must be paid six months' board wages from the day he was given notice to leave.

" Let him stay then." The bank manager was genuinely sorry for poor old Cheng. But the matter was not ended by any means. Some few days passed in

silence, then the labour leaders once more sent their representatives to say that a man could not be allowed to keep a rickshaw coolie without keeping a rickshaw—that would be illegal. So the manager must either provide a rickshaw for old man Cheng or engage another coolie in his place, a man who had a rickshaw.

The bank manager's sense of humour rose at this last demand. He agreed to provide his one-time porter with a rickshaw.

So now one may see old Cheng sitting in his rickshaw before the house as usual half asleep, only when the front gate bell rings he jumps up with a frightened start. In his clear moments he speculates on the meaning of the word revolution ; so far he has only succeeded in grasping that one of its aims is to make rickshaw coolies out of harmless old bank porters.

And thus Cheng goes on dozing and pondering alternately, while life rushes on past his post at the gates.

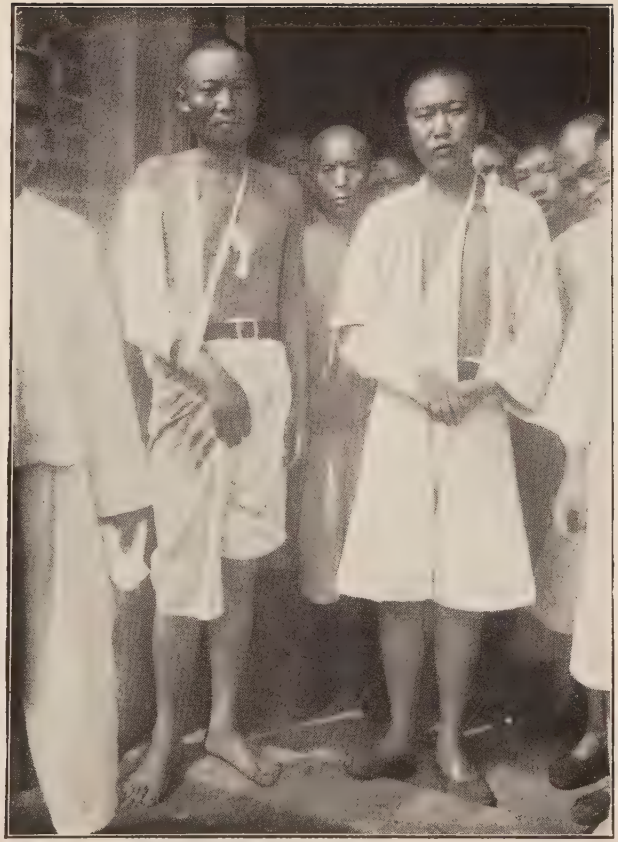
Things generally were now beginning to look very serious for the Reds. The extensive military operations round Honan against the North party had resulted in severe losses to the Communists, about eight thousand wounded suddenly being brought into Hankow, which was in no way prepared for such emergencies. The fatally wounded men had all been left to die on the battlefield. As previously remarked, human lives are cheap in China.

Madame Sun, Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen's widow of his second marriage, a refined and sympathetic little woman, a student from an American college, was an ardent believer in the doctrines of Nationalism, but at present was under the influence of Borodin and the Communistic leaders at Hankow.

She worked indefatigably, together with several other

VIEW OVER THE "BOND" AT HANKOW AND THE YANGTZE RIVER

REVOLUTIONARY YOUNGSTERS OF HANKOW



WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY BEING TREATED BY FOREIGN SURGEONS AND NURSES

A CHINESE NURSE TRAINED AT THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE IN PEKING

Chinese women of high social standing, to relieve the sufferings of the poor helpless wounded soldiers brought into Hankow. Her appeal for trained medical assistance had been responded to by the Rockefeller Institute of Peking, who had sent forty American surgeons and nurses with all the necessary outfit. So now one might see a rather extraordinary sight at the Hankow temporary hospitals: wounded soldiers of the Red army, the very ones who had been marching along to the war cry, " Down with all foreigners ! " being nursed and tenderly cared for by those same " white devils " whom they were doing their best to destroy ! Good-natured as they were, these devils rushed to the rescue the moment the Red rule beckoned to them for assistance—and they were quite prepared to be chucked out and brutally used the moment their present task of curing the sick should be over.

I spent quite a considerable part of my time at these interemistic lazarets ; they were wonderfully organized in less than no time, and the work done in them was excellent and most self-denying. The feelings of the Chinese in the face of such selflessness would be hard to define. Such behaviour on the part of the injured must be absolutely incomprehensible to them, and the bulk of the nation could only interpret the good work done as the outcome of fear and subservience on the part of the foreigners.

CHAPTER XII

THE BRAINS BEHIND THE REVOLUTION

FROM the moment I arrived in Hankow all my thoughts turned to the task immediately before me, that of finding the man who during the last four years had been the *deus ex machina* of the Chinese revolution, the figure on whom the eyes of the world were continuously focused—Borodin, the Russian.

I carried with me a copy of the ultimatum just issued by the two new confederates, the Generals Chiang-Kai-Shek and Feng Yu-Hsiang, and which was to be submitted to the Hankow government without delay.

Although barely two weeks had elapsed since General Feng Yu-Hsiang had assured the Hankow rulers of his loyal allegiance and sincere Communistic convictions, he now demanded, in one of the first clauses of his ultimatum, the instant expulsion of Borodin as the first step towards the annihilation of Communism in China. My plan of action was laid. I must manage to obtain an interview with Borodin the very minute this political bomb exploded. My efforts, luckily, were crowned with success.

No other leading character of the Chinese revolution has been painted in such lurid colours as this extraordinary Russian, who for the last four years has been the leading man of the Canton government and the soul of the revolutionary advance up country. A red-hot Communist he is called by most, a fanatic who has only one idea: lighting a hellish bonfire in China with the

object of destroying the property of the white race settled there, thus aiming a death-blow at Capitalism as he sees it.

A bloodstained murderer who bears on his shoulders the sole responsibility of all the cruelties and wholesale massacres committed by the rabble and soldiery on members of the foreign community and their families. A political swindler of the blackest dye, a man whose secret object is to amass a fortune of his own by any means handy, thereafter to retire to privacy in some far away corner of the globe the very moment things in China get too hot for him.

Bearing all these rumours in mind, it is hardly to be wondered at that I mounted the steps of the tall, grey, massive building just outside the French concession of Hankow, which was then serving Borodin and his staff as headquarters, with something like foreboding and suppressed excitement at the thought of standing face to face with the man who, within a few short years, had managed to get himself feared, hated and despised as no other man in turbulent China.

After having safely passed the two ferocious-looking guards at the gates, I was taken to a waiting-room on the first floor. Outside in the corridors I passed a strange medley of types : Chinese office hands and black-eyed Russians of Borodin's entourage, some clad in the world-famous Russian smock, others looking international and smart in white, tropical suits ; the latter belonged to the secretariat and were Jews, most of them, to judge by their features.

A couple of minutes passed, then Borodin himself appeared in the doorway of his private office ; with a slight movement of the hand he invited me to enter. I scanned his face covertly though with intense interest.

It would be hard to imagine a more decided contrast to the picture of him known to me by Chinese gossip and from the international Press than the man himself as he now stood before me. I saw before my eyes a strongly-built, well-proportioned man of some forty-five to fifty years, with self-possessed, deliberate movements, calm and reflective of countenance. His voice was full-throated and distinctly agreeable, and he spoke slowly as if weighing each word. His expression was haggard, and the whole face was governed by a pair of deep, intelligent eyes, belonging, so it seemed to me, to a man of a studious nature rather than to a red-hot fanatic and destroyer of established ideals. His deliberate ways and slightly ponderous appearance, his quiet, self-poised manner, together with the soft English moustache, reminded one most of all of an English labour leader risen from the people, but trained and schooled during the years of a long and hard political career.

The fact that I arrived, so to speak, hot-foot from Chiang-Kai-Shek's headquarters and had followed events there right up to the historical moment of the alliance between him and his one-time opponent, General Feng Yu-Hsiang, was the " open sesame " which secured me admittance without delay. Borodin was not the man to waste precious moments in conversational reconnoitre ; he went straight to the point and asked me about my impressions as regards the Nationalistic and military situation in the North, and, above all, my view of the alliance between the two army leaders. I handed him my shorthand notes of the speeches made by the two generals at the banquet immediately after their conference. Borodin, it would appear, still doubted the fact of a real, official alliance actually having been entered upon between the two ; whereupon I hinted at the

ultimatum against the Hankow government, signed by the two generals, appearing here any moment. Borodin replied that a telegram to such effect had already arrived a few minutes ago. He admitted that it bore General Feng's signature, but that his office staff—and he himself too—up till now had felt doubtful as to its integrity, believing it to be a faked message sent from Nanking to cause uneasiness amongst the Hankow leaders.

It was not till I submitted to him the verbatim contents of the ultimatum—informing him that Chiang-Kai-Shek himself had handed me the copy—that Borodin began to believe my news. He studied the fateful message in his hands for a few moments in absolute silence ; then he declared that, in order to be absolutely certain of the authenticity of my copy, he was going to telegraph at once to General Feng, his old friend and ally. He expected to have a reply to his telegram about seven that evening, and suggested that I came again about that hour, when he would give me his personal view of the immediate political situation. As I retreated backwards out of the room he asked my permission to retain till then my notes of the two generals' speeches and also my copy of the ultimatum.

Meanwhile numerous forces were working desperately to profit by the new turn of events in Chinese politics. It would seem that the moderate elements of the Hankow government had had discussions with General Feng previous to his meeting Chiang-Kai-Shek at Suchow. The financial situation at Hankow was growing more and more involved, the Communistic labour leaders getting more and more obstreperous as the days passed. The Hankow government had lost about 20,000 soldiers in the battles round Honan. This all went to prepare the soil for a fruitful alliance between the Moderate party

at Hankow and the Nanking government, if only the Moderates had it in their power to crush the Communists and their leader, Borodin.

The whole case in a nutshell was this : Was Borodin's influence at Hankow still strong enough to put fear into the hearts of the shirkers—the Moderates—thus preventing the collapse of the Hankow government ? The immediate future would give the answer to this question.

I left Borodin's palace and a moment after was rickshawing down the promenade beside the river—the *bond* as it is called ; the place where all the leading banks and other prominent business concerns have their premises. Out there, on the grey waters of the river, my eye met the imposing line of iron-clads stationed here by the Western Powers (and U.S.A.) as a threat to warn the Chinese against further encroachments, and as a protective measure to ease the minds of the foreign concessions in the city. These were only a small part of the four score men-of-war sent out by Europe and America, not to forget the army of 50,000 machine-guns, tanks and all, besides the aeroplane squadrons, etc. During the greater part of a year the eyes of the world had been intent on China—on the flagrant bonfire spreading from Canton up North, till the day when the very smoke of it might be sniffed in the streets of Peking.

And all this was the work of one man, Borodin. His was the brain to create the ideas and shape the plans, his hand it was which ruled and held in its wiry grip the numberless threads of widespread organizations furthering the cleverly organized political propaganda all over the country ; and last, not least, he was the man to accomplish the task of rousing the sleeping national spirit of China, of firing Chinese hearts so that petty strife and party intrigues were forgotten and laid

aside—for the time being, at any rate—drowned in the rush of national feeling and the common interest of fighting, shoulder to shoulder, for one great ideal.

Without Borodin's influence the armies of revolution would still be stationary, safe within the precincts of the province of Canton.

Only some few hundred yards divide the tall building where Borodin was playing his dangerous game of touch-and-go against the great Powers—till now the supreme lords of China—from the muzzles of the huge foreign guns out there on the river. One single, well-directed shot would put an end to the doings of this dangerous adversary. But the guns were silent, biding their hour and awaiting developments, and perhaps the shot will never need to be fired, for at that very moment Borodin's Chinese " friends " and open enemies together were busily braiding the silk string to put round his throat, and should it fail to its work there were many knowing blades up silk sleeves ready to finish the job.

It was one of Hankow's most typical evenings, moist and tropically hot. Again I was rickshawing along the *bond* on my way to keep my tryst with Borodin. The beautiful, wide promenade lay in front of me ; hundreds of lights gleamed from the iron-clads on the dark waters. But in the port itself life was almost extinct, nothing but a couple of junks and a single freighter left of the hundreds of ships one used to see here four years ago. The icy hand of war had put its cold grip on commerce. The clock struck nine when my rickshaw came to a halt outside the entrance of Borodin's palace.

He seemed a different man to me when a moment later we were seated opposite each other in the deep couches placed on either side of the table in his private

study. Maybe it was only the dim light and the time of day, but Borodin certainly seemed to have changed since the morning. His manner was as calm and deliberate as ever, but his voice was gentler, more subdued, and every now and then he seemed to lose himself in thought. It was plain to me that something momentous had happened since I saw him that morning.

Borodin soon told me all about it. A telegram had arrived from the " Christian " General Feng Yu-Hsiang confirming his alliance with Chiang-Kai-Shek and mentioning the ultimatum to the Hankow government. As to the consequences of this news, he said it was yet too early to say what would happen ; however, he found it quite possible that serious events might be the issue within the next few days, and advised me to stay and follow developments.

I asked for his opinion of his bitter enemy, General Chiang-Kai-Shek, who had just put a price on his head—so I was told. " He and I were friends from the very first day we met at Canton four years ago," said Borodin, " and I am not going to abuse him in any way. I am convinced that he is honest in his fight for the Nationalistic cause. But he is not enough of a personality to carry his work through alone, to take upon him the gigantic task of liberating and reconstructing China and the Chinese constitution. And he is surrounded by men whose interests are altogether selfish ; they are just wanting to further their own personal plans. It is lucky chances, a chain of coincidences only, which have made him victorious so far—not his military genius by any means. I don't for one moment believe he will be able to capture Peking now—even with the assistance of General Feng Yu-Hsiang—should Chang Tso-Lin decide to defend the city instead of retiring towards Manchuria."

His characterization of Feng Yu-Hsiang, whom he had known intimately for a couple of years, was short and very much to the point. "Feng is the man to run an almshouse on a small allowance," said he. "In spite of the meagre resources of his province he has always had a trump card ready and played it at the right moment. And that is precisely what he is doing now—no less and no more."

Borodin's descriptions of various other prominent men of present-day China were just as short and pertinent. His was the eye of the expert chess player, putting the correct value on each chance of his own as well as his adversary's, following keenly each move in the game, never hesitating, never swerving.

Our conversation subsequently turned on the subject of his own share in the work done by the Canton government during the last four years, when he was acting as political adviser. "Did it never occur to you," I asked him, "that by rousing the feelings of the Chinese proletariat by means of revolutionary and Communistic propaganda you might be putting the match to a hell of a bonfire which in its conflagrations might end by destroying the better part of all genuine values and fundamental supports of the Chinese Empire, you yourself falling a prey to the flames of your own kindling?"

Borodin replied, "The military leaders have had ample time to build up the Empire on other lines, and, as you know, the result has been nothing but ruin and exploitation all around; everybody having his own selfish goal to further—nothing beyond that.

"It has been unavoidably necessary to rouse the masses of the country for the purpose of creating a strong feeling behind the revolution. Such upheavals are always followed by riots and excesses; history has proved it

over and over. The Chinese revolution is just like a mighty river overflowing its banks, carrying away men, beasts and property as it rushes along. But the day will come when the river settles down in its bed once more after having fertilized the land all round and thus brought new life and growth to its surroundings."

My next questions ran : " What if the men who have stood by you up to this point should suddenly fail you for the sake of joining the Nanking government ? Their first demand would be your immediate expulsion. Would you try to build up a new system on purely Communistic lines and fight the game on your own to the bitter end ? "

He did not hesitate to answer me : " If the Chinese leaders who have been my friends throughout these last four years should fancy the time ripe for carrying on the fight without my aid, I shall bow to such decision on their part. My task as political adviser would be at an end. I do not intend to fight alone for Communism in China—conditions are not ripe for such measures."

Borodin sat quite silent for a few moments as if reviewing in spirit all the great events of the last four years. Then he said, " Even should my friends here fail me for a time I shall still retain my belief in my special mission in life—and hope for the day to come when they will realize what my work here has meant to them and to future generations of China."

It was getting late. An old Chinese woman had been in several times on noiseless feet, refilling our tea-cups.

The usual questions those who meet a man like Borodin for the first time put to themselves are invariably the same : What is the motive power behind his actions ? What has made this man come to China ? Is he an ordinary paid emissary of the Bolshevist party at

BORODIN AND ONE OF HIS CHINESE STAFF

BORODIN'S HEADQUARTERS AT HANKOW

SUN FO, SON OF DR. SUN YAT SEN,
MINISTER OF TRANSPORT

YU CHIN CHEN
MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DR. SUN YAT SEN'S WIDOW (OF HIS SECOND MARRIAGE)

Moscow, or is he an idealist who believes in creating a happy and prosperous China out of the devastation of civil war and revolutionary measures ?

Before leaving I found it opportune to ask him : " What brought you to China first of all—if I may be allowed to ask ? And what made you brave it all—difficulties, hardships and dangers—the repeated frustration of your political plans and the ocean of hatred and rage which is always threatening to swallow you up ? "

Borodin sat leaning back in his comfortable chair. The light from the lamp at his elbow fell on his figure in its light tropic garment ; his face was shaded by the lamp-shade. All the same, one felt that this same face with its dark, heavy eyes, the black moustache and hair, would live in one's memory for years to come.

He sat for quite a while lost in thought, his hand caressing his soft moustache with a gentle, mechanical movement. At last he spoke in his low, full voice : " I came out here to fight for an ideal. What brought me to China was the dream of a world revolution through the liberation of the nations of the East. After I came here, however, in this strange country, all the mighty social problems of the country itself, its ancient and wonderful history, its millions of people, fascinated me so that I forgot my original ideal of revolutionizing the whole world. From that time and till now the liberation of the Chinese masses alone has been my object—not, as originally, my means to an end only. From starting as the would-be organizer of the intricate machinery I myself ended by becoming a wheel in the machinery.

" The excitement of it all has fascinated me and captured my soul more than I can say. The thought of being active in moving the masses, of being responsible for their advance towards new and happier times, new

evolutions, born in front of the threatening guns of the old world . . ."

The room seemed strangely silent after Borodin had finished his sentence. Was it a dreamer and madman speaking, or a world-wise politician, knowing the art of always touching the right string on his instruments ? I felt no inclination for further questions ; I simply sat there and said to myself that, if this man was a sly and calculating Bolshevist agent, that and no more, he certainly was a wonderful actor as well.

During the next few days after my interview with Borodin all Hankow was seething with nervous suspense. Any moment might bring the news of open conflict—of an actual break between the Moderates, supported by certain sections of the military circles who intended joining the Nanking government, and the Communistic part of the Hankow leaders, supported by the organized Labour party. The air was full of contradictory rumours of all sorts. One said that Feng Yu-Hsiang with his army was advancing on the town, threatening to enter and make short work of the Labour party and the strike leaders. When the Hankow government ordered certain of the too unruly pickets of the striking parties to be disarmed by military force, it gave rise to new rumours of impending riots and serious tumults.

Various members of the English colony actually began to talk about giving up playing golf for the present, noting the signs of the times. Such things were the surest sign of impending troubles in the East.

However, it did not come to an explosion after all. But behind the scenes the unrest continued ; strong forces were working secretly, some fanning the fire, others trying to pour oil on the troubled waters. A

number of the Russian staff were already leaving the sinking ship—Hankow ; Borodin himself was still there, at his post, although one heard rumours every day at the club—with the tiffin cocktail—of his disappearing with all his belongings in an aeroplane which had been kept ready for emergencies for more than a year now.

During this time of excitement I visited various leading politicians at Hankow, among them Yu Chin Chen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had obtained his present position through Borodin's influence. In spite of his being born in Trinidad, an English subject and half-bred, partly Chinaman, partly nigger, who could neither read nor write Chinese, he did not hesitate now, when Borodin's popularity was on the wane, to say with a cynical smile, alluding to the Russian leader : " After a four years' stay in China all foreigners seem to need a holiday." The small son of the big Sun-Yat-Sen, Sun-Fo, who was Minister of Communications, openly admitted his inclination towards the Nanking government if only a suitable form for co-operation might be found.

Meanwhile Borodin was fighting his last desperate fight with the object of preventing open conflict within government circles resulting in complete collapse. He invited me several times to come to see him whenever I liked to hear his news and discuss the development of events. His influence was still strong enough to force the Hankow government to show a united front towards the Nanking government, but it was quite clear, when talking to him, that he himself only considered this in the light of a last supreme effort, and for his own part was prepared to leave Hankow any day.

On his informing me that nothing in the way of upheavals was likely to take place in the nearest future

I got ready to return to Shanghai, from where I intended to go to the fighting front of the North army in Shantung, as important events were expected to take place there.

On the eve of my departure I called on Borodin to take leave of him. We sat for some time talking together. He told me many little episodes from his vagabond existence. As early as 1907 he had had to leave Russia on account of his revolutionary work, and did not return till twenty years later, simultaneously with Lenin's return. His twenty years of exile were spent, under various assumed names, partly in England, France, Switzerland, and U.S.A. He had also been in Scandinavia. His first visit to Stockholm took place in 1905, when he went to attend a labour congress with a party of four other Russians. They were arrested on their arrival and spent four hours within the prison walls, until the Swedish Minister, Branting, found out about the mistake and got them released, with profuse apologies. He had also been to Denmark, and spoke with genuine appreciation of the Danish social legislature.

I asked him when we parted what he thought about the immediate future of political and social developments in China, in case events forced him to leave the country and his work there.

He replied with a mixture of resignation and sarcasm : " I am sadly afraid that China's struggle for liberty will dribble away into a series of compromises among the army leaders, who are intent on getting what they can out of it for their own personal advantage, and who will lead the country back into its previous position of corruption and military exploitation ; which means that four years' hard work for the liberation of China, with sacrifices and sufferings untold, will be as a breath of air only—squandered entirely. The few will rule, despotic, as

before, and the masses will suffer as if the word ' revolution ' had never been heard in China.

" History always repeats itself ; the first time as a tragedy, the second time as a tragi-comedy.

" The revolution reached as far as the banks of the Yangtze River. Let a diver go down into the yellow stream, and he will come up again with his arms full of vanished dreams and thwarted aspirations."

These parting words were, no doubt, characteristic of Borodin's feelings at the termination of his Chinese career.

He still kept on fighting with all his vigorous energy to prevent the collapse of the Hankow government—but in vain. The moment after the actual collapse had taken place Borodin got ready to leave Hankow. First he went to see his enemy, Feng Yu-Hsiang, on purpose to tell him a few home-truths before he left Chinese territory for good and ever ; from there his way lay via Mongolia across Urga and Siberia towards the land of his childhood, Russia.

Whatever the verdict of history regarding Borodin's Chinese activities may be, one thing is clear : he will always stand as the greatest and most interesting personality and the keenest intelligence of the Chinese revolution.

Maybe he was working honestly for China's liberation, maybe it was only a part of the Soviet game of world politics. At any rate, China had used him for her own ends until the moment when she considered herself strong enough to carry on the revolution without him.

He had done his work—he might go now. After all, in the eyes of the Chinese the great Borodin was just a foreign devil like the rest of us out in China.

CHAPTER XIII

BEHIND THE FRONT OF THE NORTH PARTY

"THE Advance on Peking" had come to stand as a sort of shibboleth to many Chinese as well as foreigners; the latter only onlookers. The advance of the Nationalist army had been so rapid, the rout of the North army so panic-stricken, that it really began to seem possible that Chiang-Kai-Shek and his men might reach Peking by a swift and sudden stroke. Nearly all foreign correspondents had left Shanghai for Peking or Tientsin in the early part of June in order to be present when the Nationalist banner with the Kuomin-tang Sun should fly aloft over the old imperial city.

Some few there were, however, who did not share the general optimistic view regarding the advance of the Nationalists and therefore made no haste to leave Shanghai. Amongst them was the English author and China specialist, Putnam Weale. I happened to meet him one morning at the English club, the very day I had made up my mind not to go to Peking with the rest of them, but to Nanking and the fighting front.

"How many days do you reckon it will take for the Nationalists to reach Peking?" I asked him by way of a greeting. "Thirty years," came his jovial reply. "You go on to Nanking and Hankow as you suggest; you will have plenty of time to be in at the kill."

He proved to be right; there *was* plenty of time, if not thirty years!

About four weeks after our conversation I arrived via the former German colony, Tsingtao, at the capital of the Shantung province, Tsinanfu, after having been to Nanking and Hankow according to my plan. And now I found myself with the North party. Peking was still standing. Here was I in Tsinanfu which, of course, had to fall before Peking, not that it had not been tottering seriously at this point of events.

Barely a couple of weeks before I came to Tsinanfu the Nationalist armies had made a sudden dash forward from their stronghold, Suchow; Tsinanfu had been terror-stricken and confusion had reigned supreme within its walls. The leading Chinese officials were ready to vanish at a moment's notice, and had seen to the removal of all the big electric chandeliers in the Government buildings. The value of local paper currency slid downwards at top speed and many Chinamen were killed in the raids on the banks. The Japanese lost no time in despatching troops to Tsinanfu to protect Japanese interests.

Every one was expecting to see the advance guard of the Nationalists enter the town at any moment. But Chiang-Kai-Shek lost his chance that time, partly because of the " Christian " general failing him, partly owing to the threats of attack on Nanking by the Hankow party.

The great attack to the success of which we had emptied our glasses that night at Suchow—the officers of the Nationalist army and I—ended in a mere attempt leading nowhere. From now on things were quiet at the front for awhile.

When I arrived in Tsinanfu things were just beginning to settle down again after the worst fright had passed. The town was breathing freely once more and Chang Tso-Lin, who had himself promoted to Generalissimo, had

just decided on a dual plan of action : Peking's defence together with a general counter-attack all along the Nationalist front.

Foreigners in Tsinanfu felt rather sceptic regarding the success of this plan remembering the demoralized condition of the Shantung troops during the recent period of retreat. However, China is the land where the unexpected is bound to happen—the land of surprises, now as always.

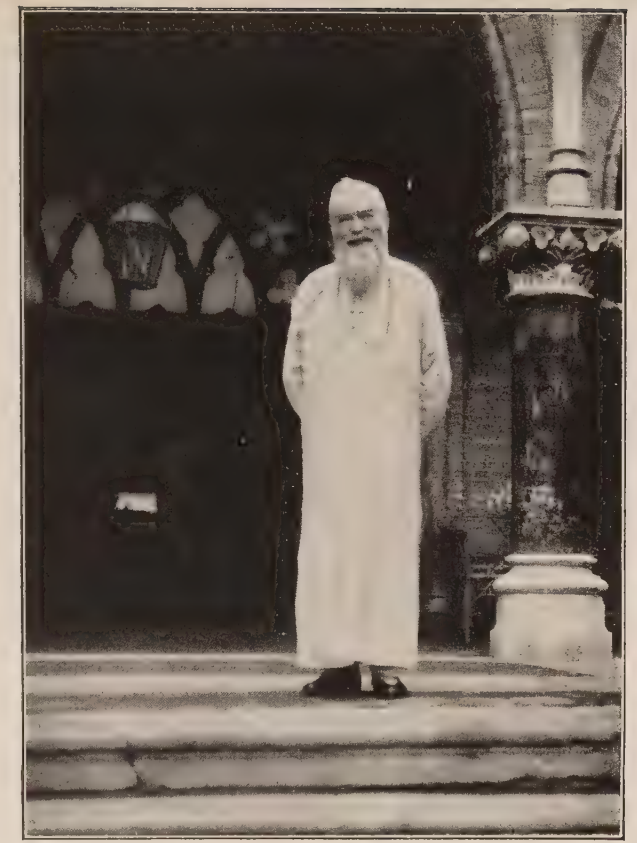
It was quite a strange sensation to find a place in China where the waves of revolution with its stormy mass meetings, street demonstrations, processions, flags, etc., had not yet penetrated. Arriving straight from the parts conquered by the Nationalist armies on their victorious advance the stillness up here felt almost oppressive, full of forebodings as it were—the lull before the storm.

During my stay at Tsinanfu I had the good fortune of finding a hospitable home and shelter with the local Post Commissary, an Italian, who knew China and the Chinese from many years' close study and experiences.

" There is going to be grand fighting at the front very soon," said a young Russian officer of one of the armoured trains, smiling in eager anticipation.

The North party possessed five armoured trains, all manned with " White " Russians who had been fighting uninterruptedly ever since the first days of the European War, so when any of these fellows told you there was going to be fighting you might trust their word. They were the only real soldiers amongst the thousands now fighting in China.

In the club at Tsinanfu—the place where the eight remaining foreigners of the town met to discuss conditions and possible events—I met the American Military



A HEARTY WELCOME FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP AT YENCHOW

THE AMERICAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ UNDER THE "PROTECTION" OF A CHINESE SOLDIER

A TRUCK-LOAD OF BLACK BREAD ARRIVING FOR THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OF THE ARMOURED TRAINS

A WASH AND BRUSH-UP BEFORE THE MARCH

Attaché from Peking, and the correspondent of the "North China Daily News." We agreed to join forces, working our way steadily southwards through the province of Shantung towards the actual front so as to be on the spot when the great push, evidently under preparation, should take place.

The morning we left Tsinanfu we saw at the railway station a train waiting on the main track; it consisted of two of the comfortable "Blue Train" coaches to which was coupled a truck carrying a resplendently new and shining motor-car. We were told that it belonged to the fourth concubine of Chang Chung Chang, Shantung's mighty ruler. She had been sent to Tientsin for safety at the time of the impending Nationalist's attack on Tsinanfu. We took her return at this moment as a sign of the confidence felt by the North party in the success of their operations.

Our sole chance of getting to the fighting front was to hang on to troop trains crawling southward at a snail's pace. It took these trains three days to cover the distance which normally should be traversed in eight hours! The Chinese commanding officers readily gave us their permission to go by the troop trains, only regretted the utter want of comfort as there were no coaches. We spent most of our time sitting on the floor of overcrowded trucks. We had with us a Chinese servant and interpreter and food to last us for a couple of days, our cameras and a small handbag each.

Soldiers everywhere; we saw them sleeping in heaps on the stone floors of the station waiting-rooms whenever we stopped. Sleeping accommodation at a Chinese hotel or a meal at a Chinese restaurant were luxuries not to be thought of at present, for the reason that the owners of these places had bolted their doors and fled

the moment they saw the first detachment of Shantung troops enter their town. The tradesmen seemed to have followed their example : all shops and booths were locked and bolted. The Shantung troops had a very bad reputation from previous occasions, so we were told. We three foreigners were taken for Russians, and as they were feared even more than the native soldiers the reception accorded to us was anything but friendly. The Chinese used to call after us when we passed along the streets ; it was always the same word, something like " Barbarossa," evidently the Chinese interpretation of the Russian word for " cigarette."

Lucky for us there were still some German missions left in these parts of the country. We succeeded in finding them, and were invariably received with the greatest hospitality. At Yenchow, after having travelled in the troop train for twenty-four hours on end, we reached the local Roman Catholic Mission dirty, hungry, thirsty and tired to death.

After such experiences and hardships could anything be more paradise-like than to be welcomed on the steps of a peaceful old convent by an old, gentle and smiling bishop with a long and white patriarchal beard, expressing his hearty welcome in words like these : " Welcome, gentlemen ! Now what would you say to some really cold beer ? " A bottle of German Pilsener, here—in this land of horrors and devastation ! We felt almost inclined to join hands and dance round the dear old fellow like kids out of school. We were splendidly cared for in every way, and sat till late in the night talking with the grand old man who had lived in China for thirty-five years and had a vast store of experience.

We must have looked all that we felt at his welcome speech on our arrival, for when at last we retired for the

rest of the night each of us found a bottle of beer standing on the small table beside our bed.

Next morning we set out again, refreshed in soul and body, followed by the good wishes and fervent blessings of the bishop and all the other inmates of the convent.

The same afternoon we reached headquarters near the small station Chieh Ho, and were received by the Commander-in-Chief, General Hsu K'un, who was to lead the attack. Here we obtained all the information we could possibly wish regarding the planned attack, as also permission to be present and follow operations all through from the very front lines. Shortly after we were on our way southwards towards the town of Tenghsien, this time comfortably seated in the general's own private car. The only time we were comfortable during our expedition!

From Tenghsien, the centre of the front, almost in the very first line of attack, the operations were to start within three days. The American Military Attaché, who had now got what information he desired, returned to Peking by the first north-going train, whereas "North China Daily News" and I decided to remain at Tenghsien awaiting the arrival of the first of the armoured trains, and then obtain permission to follow the attack on board this train. We knew that the three armoured trains manned with Russians were to open the attack, and we carried a letter of introduction to the Russian officer in charge of all three trains, so we hoped to get a good reception. Having made our plan we set out to find the Roman Catholic Mission of the town.

The priest there turned out to be the sole white man left in the town, and he did not receive us any too friendly to start with. We had some difficulty, first of all, in finding his house; on reaching it at last we sent in the

Chinese boy to inquire whether the priest would put us up for the night, at the same time explaining who we were and what we were out for. After we had waited quite thirty minutes the boy at last returned, asking us in a trembling voice what we wanted.

We learnt afterwards that he had scared the poor priest out of his wits by reporting the presence of two armed Russians at the door demanding entrance; he had taken our leather camera bags for revolver cases! The poor priest had suffered much during the times of occupation of the town by one or other of the opposing forces, so one could hardly wonder at his reluctance when two such formidable "Russians" turned up demanding to be admitted to his house. It was not till we had sent in a letter of explanation written in German that he began to understand the true state of affairs; then we were received with great hospitality.

That very night we were roused from our sleep by the thunder of rifles and machine-guns, evidently quite close to the walls of the town. It was a gang of brigands, some three thousand in number, trying to attack the town. They were, however, beaten back by a division of soldiers stationed in a village immediately outside the city walls, whose leader, a brigadier-general, lost his life in the skirmish.

The Nationalists had organized an extensive military co-operation with various forces of brigands in South Shantung whose special task it was to worry the North armies wherever they could, cut their communications and attack them from the rear.

During the subsequent forty-eight hours troops were pouring into the town from the North, some of them Shantung soldiers, others belonging to the forces of Sun Chuan Fang, the latter looking decidedly more

martial and fit than the former. Comparing the North army soldiers to the Nationalists I cannot say that I had noticed any difference worth speaking of. Common to both parties—judged by the European standard—was a considerable lack of discipline, of organization, training, military carriage and fighting spirit. As regards the officers, on the other hand, the Nationalists struck me as being much above the North army men in intelligence and training, many of them having studied for years at European military schools.

During our stay in Tenghsien we had ample opportunity of studying the soldiers and the whole Chinese army machinery and its mode of operating. One division of infantry arrived after the other, as well as field artillery and cavalry; they were sent out to cover the flanks. By degrees no less than six army corps had been placed ready for the attack.

Any sign of unreliability was punished severely, as witnessed in the case of the officer who was convicted of carrying on negotiations on the sly with some of the brigand chiefs. He was court-martialled at once at the express order of General Hsu K'un, the same fate being awarded to two private soldiers whose crime was that they had taken a pistol from one of the prisoners and sold it to a local farmer.

On the eve of the great attack the armoured train, the "Shantung," arrived at the station of Tenghsien for the purpose of coaling and replenishing its stores of ammunition. Our request to be permitted to follow the train into the firing line was granted most readily, in spite of the fact that there was not much space to spare inside the cars. Thus it came about that we two correspondents suddenly found ourselves amidst a crowd of the notorious Russian mercenaries, about whom we had heard so many

ghastly rumours and facts. We were allowed to sleep on the bunks in the small mess-room, and were at once invited to dine with the officers. Most eagerly they made room for us round the table, and we attacked the solid fare set before us with splendid appetites after days of living on Chinese hotch-potch messes. The dinner consisted of cabbage soup with lumps of meat floating about, black rye bread and pickled cucumbers. While we ate we made friends with our hosts and comrades.

There were about ten officers present. As it was the first occasion of carrying passengers when going into the firing line the commanding officer, who spoke excellent French, ordered a bottle of a special brand of cognac to be opened to celebrate the day; the spirits as well as the cigarettes now being offered were part of the loot from some big Chinese stores somewhere between Pukow and Suchow. The officers welcomed us in their circle, and afterwards we all drank to the success of to-morrow's attack, which was to begin at daybreak. The supreme war-lord of the Russians, the Shantung governor, General Chang Chung Chang, had promised the crew of the armoured train a reward of 300,000 Mexican dollars for distribution amongst them if they succeeded in capturing the important railway junction, Suchow, the working basis and headquarters of the Nationalist armies.

Suchow—the very place where we three musketeers arrived in the special train of His Excellency Chiang-Kai-Shek only a short while ago and where the alliance was concluded between him and Feng Yu-Hsiang! In other words, we were taking the field against our old friends, the officers of the Nationalist army.

The chance of earning a reward like the above would incite the Russians to fight more than ever like devils. In reality the issue of the attack depended mainly on

THE GENERALS IN COMMAND OF THE NORTHERN ARMY (THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, HSU K'UN, IS THE SECOND FROM THE RIGHT)

SOLDIERS OF THE NORTHERN ARMY WITH THEIR MACHINE-GUNS READY FOR THE ATTACK

NORTHERN TROOPS ADVANCING

SOLDIERS OF THE "HOOKED CROSS" WHO BURY THE DEAD AND NURSE THE WOUNDED

the success of the Russian trains ; they were the centre of the attack and represented the very backbone—military as well as moral—of the whole Chinese army now taking the field.

A strange company was gathered together within these armoured walls by the mercilessness of life and the freaks of fate. Would it be possible, I wondered as I sat there, to find anywhere in the world another crowd of men as God-forsaken and abandoned by humanity as were these Russians ? Bereft of home and country they fought as hired servants for the sake of a foreign country and a race different to theirs, because there was no other chance left to them—except starvation. Hated and feared by their opponents, and despised by their own party, the Chinese, whose hirelings they were, because their wretched poverty necessitated their putting up with what treatment their " masters " thought fit to give them. And in spite of it all these Russians were always exposing themselves to the hardest part of the fight ; they were the ones to lead the attack and the last ones to leave the field in retreat. They were the kind of soldiers who take a desperate chance and stick to it, without as much as the flicker of an eyelash. Should their train be surrounded and their communications cut by the Nationalists it would mean death to all of them, fighting to the last moment and dying, sword in hand, so to speak ; the fate that awaits a Russian falling into the hands of the Chinese is such that no one would care to meet it.

Many Russians had died during the last year's fighting, and each of them knew that the same fate would be his to-morrow or another day. And yet, strange as it might seem, in spite of thirteen years' uninterrupted warfare, in spite of the hopelessness and desperation and brutalizing circumstances, these scarred and weather-

beaten warriors had retained their characteristic Russian temperament—a strange mixture of childlike cheerfulness and melancholy.

On the wall of the small mess-room where we sat hung a good-sized portrait of the Czar, Nicolas the Second, draped in black crape. This likeness of " their little father " had followed them throughout all those thirteen years of war. For ten years on end they had fought Bolshevism, and this stamp of idealism they had always retained as something sacred to their cause, in spite of poverty and wretchedness.

Beneath the picture of the Czar was a bronze tablet with half a score of names and dates engraved on it. The blank space beneath these names did not appear to scare the men of the train, although each of them knew that his name might be the next on the list.

While yet another bottle of cognac was produced, and while the glasses full of strong Russian tea were emptied and refilled many times, the officers took turns in relating episodes from some of the desperate fights in which their trains had taken part. At a battle in the province of Anwei they told me of, a train with 400 Russians, surrounded by the enemy and with their communications cut, made a most heroic stand for six days on end after their Chinese confederates had all fled, and at last cut their way through the lines of the enemy for a distance of 125 miles, fighting desperately all the time. When at last they reached safety, only half of them were left.

The Russian is not inclined to ponder long over sad recollections. A moment after one of them burst out with a comic little reminiscence, making them all laugh heartily. For instance, the story of the hole in the wall in the mess-room—they pointed it out to me ; it was as

big as an ordinary saucer. A shell came through there and went straight through the partition wall into the kitchen, smashing everything out there except the kitchen boy, a Chinese dwarf. He was not more than three feet in height, and therefore the shell passed above his head; had his size been more normal he would have ceased to be a kitchen boy from that moment. As it was he was still with the "Shantung" as part of the inventory, and while the story was being told he was tiptoeing round the table, his large head raised over the edge to see whether any of our tea-glasses wanted refilling.

The Russians were still enjoying the trick they played the Nationalist shell by having a dwarf as kitchen boy.

All the officers were as happy and gay as if we were going on a holiday trip instead of to-morrow's attack. Our train had just come to a standstill at a small river, for the sake of refilling the water tanks of the engine; while this was being done the crew were enjoying a bath in the clear waters of the little stream; we could hear them splashing about, laughing and playing pranks on each other.

A moment later and we were once more steaming ahead. Soon after we reached a small station, Nan Sha Ho, where we met the other armoured train, the "Honan," with which we were to co-operate during the battle to-morrow. There were still some hours left of the night, and the officers and crew were soon sleeping soundly and heavily behind the armoured walls.

"North China" and I lay full length on the wooden seats of the officers' mess, using our typewriters as pillows. Lucky for us we were trained and hardened enough to sleep on anything and anywhere.

We had just put out the light when we happened to look at the hole in the wall, the one made by the shell.

The rays of the full moon were peeping in through the aperture, giving us a last good night greeting, a kind of *memento mori*, perhaps ; we admitted to each other, as we lay there staring at the fatal hole, that it might not be half bad to be a dwarf during the days to come.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE FIRING LINE WITH A CHINESE ARMOURED TRAIN

BEFORE sunrise we were all astir.

In return for the hospitality shown to me by the Russian officers of the armoured train "Shantung" I had offered to assist the local medicine man in tending the wounded. As the first streak of day appeared on the horizon we two were taking an inventory of the very limited stock of surgical instruments, dressings and drugs. They wouldn't go far if there should be many serious cases.

All three armoured trains had been constructed on the same system. The front and rear wagons were long, flat, open goods trucks, destined for carrying spare parts of machinery and rails, tools, etc.; also meant as a sort of buffer to break the impact should mines be encountered on the line, placed there by the enemy's engineers. Next followed, at each end of the train, a strong armoured truck fitted with heavy guns in circular, revolving turrets as on a man-of-war; also a number of machine-guns showing their teeth through the crevices between the armoured plates covering the sides of the trucks.

Then came a second armoured truck at each end, doing duty as tumbrels, and likewise armed with machine-guns. Finally the engine itself, in front of all these trucks and wagons; it was protected by a square plate box, like a case. Right in the middle of the train we

found the armoured wagon which served as eating, sleeping and recreation space for the Russian officers whenever they had a few moments off between the onslaughts. Most of them, however, were so taken up with watching the effect of the cannonade during an attack that they preferred getting up on to the roof of their wagon instead of sheltering inside, or standing beside the train to watch developments through their field-glasses. There was telephone connection between the officers' wagon, the armoured trucks and the engine. As the crew numbered about eighty there was very little room to spare, each cubic inch being accurately calculated.

From my stay at the Nationalist front I recollected the horror felt amongst the soldiers there toward these armoured trains and their Russian crews—those hardened and war-worn soldiers, carrying the wounds and scars of thirteen years' uninterrupted warfare, who fought like devils and always took the hardest turn whether on retreat or in advance.

This was just what they were going to do now : they were to act as battering rams in the big push by capturing or destroying the enemy's armoured trains. The Nationalists possessed two or three, which they in their turn had captured from the North party on various occasions ; they had now placed them on the very same railway line on which we were advancing, some little way to the south, ready to attack us and the North rmy's infantry.

The marching into position for the advance had, by the way, been characterized by—for the Chinese armies —unusual precision and order, which made one suspect that the plan of attack was the work of either a Russian or a Japanese brain.

They had got their steam up now, all the three

armoured trains, the "Shantung," the "Honan" and the "Peking," and were standing there with all their heavy guns ready for immediate attack.

The starting signal, a short blast on the siren, was now sounded. The "Shantung" took the lead; the "Honan" followed immediately after. It was the rule for these trains to work together, two and two, in case one of them should be so badly hit as to be disabled.

Through our field-glasses we could just discern some little, dust-coloured, moving spots far out in the landscape: the infantry of the North army advancing on both flanks. The little spots appeared quite suddenly, and disappeared just as suddenly between the groups of trees behind the farms or in the cornfields.

The enemy had withdrawn his front lines during the night—how far back we did not know—so it was necessary for us to keep a sharp look-out and advance with great caution so as not to fall into an ambuscade; the tall maize stalks covering the fields on both sides and the earth walls hindered the outlook and afforded most excellent hiding-places for our opponents. It was useless to apply for information as to the enemy's movements in the surrounding villages as their inhabitants had all fled, carrying away with them as much as possible of their belongings. They knew from previous experiences what the influx of soldiers meant, especially the Shantung men, who were dreaded more than any others.

During the morning hours we advanced quite a considerable distance in front of our infantry lines without any signs of the enemy. Then all of a sudden our train stopped; we had met with the first break on the line. It had evidently been done in a great hurry, as rails and sleepers were still in their original positions; only the bolts had been removed. Perhaps the Nationalists had

calculated that we should pass this spot at night, when darkness would prevent us from seeing the break and we should have been derailed—a very serious calamity indeed when the armoured trains were leading the attack.

As luck would have it we discovered the break, and within an hour it was repaired. The enemy, however, had been keeping a watchful eye on our movements ; we had barely had time to stop for repairs before the first " boom " was heard from somewhere in the distance, followed by an ominous whistling ; then came the crash of a shell exploding and sending a cloud of dust and smoke up in the air about 100 yards away from us. This first greeting came from the armoured trains of our enemy, and was followed by several others in quick succession.

All the advantages of the ground were on our opponent's side, who was hiding himself so well that it was impossible for us to see where, and besides he knew the distance to the spot where we had come to a stop so well that he could send his shells quite close, one after the other, so far, however, without hitting our train.

The Russian crew of the " Shantung " was immediately filled with the enthusiasm of battle on hearing the first shot. A moment later, and a whole series of shots were fired by our heavy guns, while the officers were searching eagerly through their field-glasses for the enemy's train ; after a few minutes they had succeeded in finding its hiding-place. At the same time we discovered, on our left flank, groups of soldiers marching south. They were evidently some of the Nationalist troops retreating. The " Honan " sent a couple of shells after them to speed their departure, and the next moment they had vanished from sight in the maize fields. Later on we heard

a rumour that after all it was not the enemy's troops, but our own, the North army men, who had advanced too far, thus exposing themselves to their own fire. The Russians took this news with the greatest equanimity: if the troops had been hit by the shells sent after them by the "Honan" the Chinese had only themselves to blame, seeing that they did not carry with them the signal flags necessary to show to which party they belonged; it was impossible to distinguish friend or foe by their uniforms as they were practically alike.

In spite of the shells falling so close to us the repairs on the line were carried on uninterruptedly. Our last shots evoked no reply from the enemy, who had evidently preferred to withdraw to some still safer place. A few more moments, and we steamed ahead once more in a southerly direction.

The next break on the line, which we encountered about noon, was of a more serious nature. It extended over some forty-five rail lengths, and in this case both rails and sleepers had been torn away and thrown down the steep sides of the track. Nothing daunted, the crews of all three trains at once proceeded to repair damages. The Russians had by now a vast experience in that special kind of work under the most exposed and desperate conditions, and worked with great zeal in spite of the heat of the day and the shells which the enemy had once more started hurling at us.

One length of rail after the other was laid in position—indeed, so quickly did it happen that it seemed almost like witchcraft to me. A gang of Chinese coolies, supervised by the Russian railway engineers, were lifting the heavy metals up from the bottom of the deep ditches on both sides of us, carrying them up the steep incline while chanting monotonously in time to each haul.

Once more our guns, booming straight above the head of our working gang, succeeded in silencing the enemy's artillery before he had done us any harm.

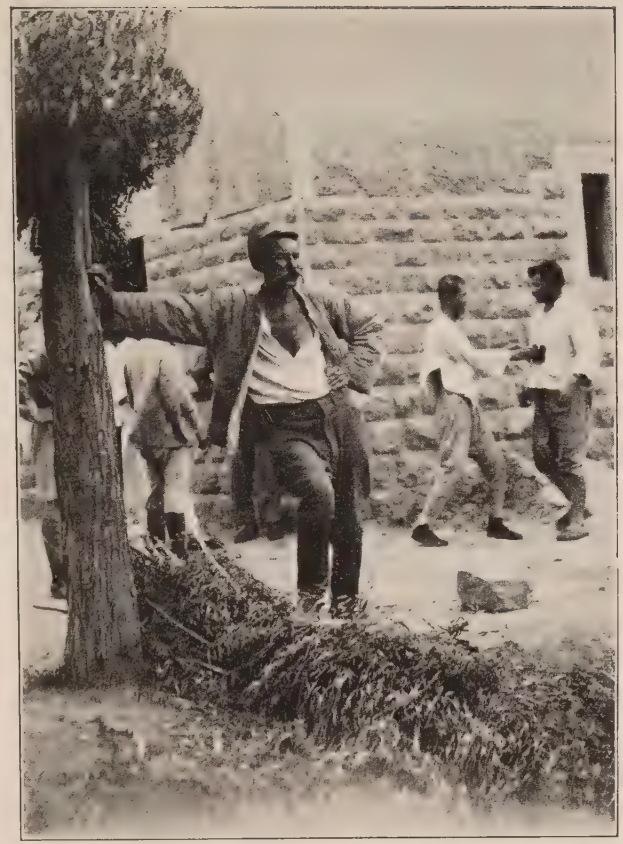
By degrees the advancing infantry had drawn up in line with us. As the detachments nearest to us had ascertained that it would take some hours before we were ready to advance again, they decided to camp in a deserted village close by and await our progress ; they did not at all fancy the idea of having to advance without the assistance of the precious armoured trains. It was not till a very definite order was sent to them from the commanding general, who was on board one of the armoured trains, that they made up their minds to do as they were told. They consequently lumbered along once more in their rag shoes with their umbrellas, tea-pots, enamelled mugs and all the rest of the fantastic and weird outfit belonging to the field kit of every Chinese soldier.

By this time there was lively firing on both our flanks ; we could discern the shots of the rifles and the " rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat ! " of the machine-guns, which meant that the two armies were now in touch with each other.

Towards evening we reached the little station Kuan Khan. Here too we found both tracks and the sidings destroyed, as also the main line itself for quite a distance ahead.

Our gang worked as long as daylight lasted ; by that time the station rails had been repaired. Nightwork was only possible by using electric projectors, which would reveal our position to the enemy and make of us the most desirable target for his shrapnel.

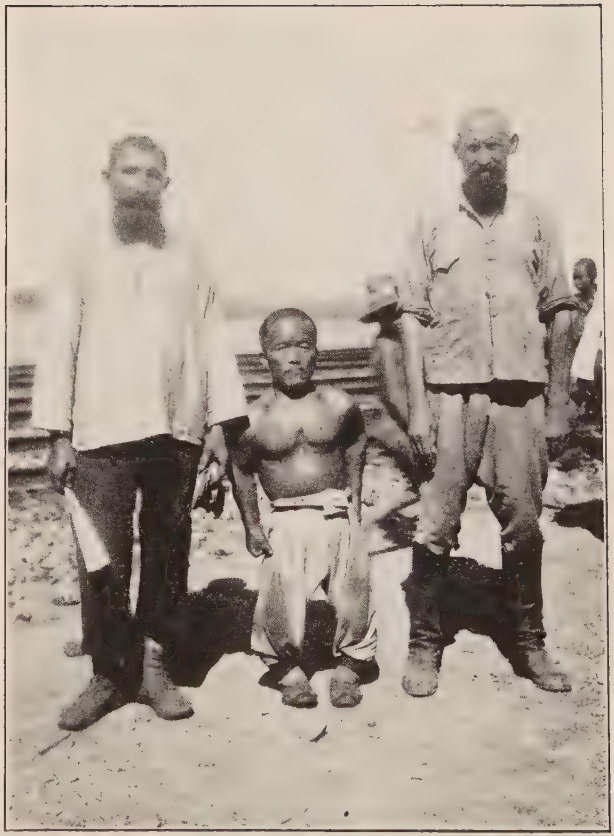
The little cluster of cob-walled houses and farms near the station had all been abandoned by their inhabi-



COLONEL PREPOOTA, COMMANDING THE ARMOURED TRAIN "SHANTUNG"

PICTURE OF TSAR NICHOLAS II ON THE WALL OF THE OFFICERS' MESS IN THE ARMOURED TRAIN

LOOK-OUT MAN ON THE ARMOURED TRAIN



TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS FROM THE "SHANTUNG" TRAIN
WITH THE DWARF CHINESE COOK

tants. The only human beings we met beside the soldiers of the trains were a couple of filthily dirty and ragged old Chinese hags who offered us a whole earthenware pot full of reeking spirit for sale. One or two of the Russian soldiers "fell to" at once and took a deep draught of the intoxicating stuff, with the result that they started quarrelling a moment after. This brought one of the officers to the spot, and he ordered the women to disappear at once. As they were somewhat reluctant in obeying orders they were most unceremoniously kicked down the slope of the railway track together with their store of liquor, which might be seen streaming in little rivulets down between the tufts of grass on the slope. After this soldiers and saleswomen alike withdrew silently.

It is not the rule of the Russian officers to deny their men nor themselves anything in the shape of a dram, but just now there was far too much at stake for such orgies as would have been the inevitable result of emptying a whole bucket of samshu at one go.

On the other hand, there was not one word of reproach to a couple of the soldiers who had been foraging among the rice fields and brought back with them four or five sheep belonging to the enemy. It meant fine broth for to-morrow's dinner with good-sized lumps of meat. And it was certainly no fault of the Russian soldiers that the owner of the sheep was not there to receive payment, having run away to the mountains, where he was then hiding.

Darkness set in, but the firing did not stop; in fact, increased from both sides, the heavy guns now joining in. All night through the firing was heard like a rumble of distant thunder. It was the field artillery of the North army, which had by now reached the front lines

and was at present shelling the hills on our left where the Nationalists had a strong entrenchment.

The Russian officers were rather sceptical as to the direct effect of the bombardment. They were inclined to regret the waste of precious ammunition. As to the indirect effect of the attack, they admitted that the awful noise of it was wont to have a terrifying influence on the enemy, convincing him of the terrific strength of his opponent and causing him to think twice before attacking. That is the reason why all Chinese soldiers love popping their guns as much as possible ; it is the noise that does it, they think, whether the shots go home or not.

Peace and quiet reigned round our train just then ; the enemy was not clear as to our present position and therefore did not attempt to annoy us.

For supper we again had good cabbage soup with plenty of meat in it, Russian pancakes, pickled cucumber, also chunks of black rye bread washed down with various draughts of vodka and numerous mugs of hot tea. We were sitting quite snug and jolly round the table in the small officers' mess of the " Shantung " ; on the wall was the familiar picture of the late Czar, and also the photos of the general of the North army, His Excellency Chang Tso-Lin, and the governor of the Shantung province, Chang Chung Chang.

The commander-in-charge of the " Shantung," Colonel Prepoota, sat at the head of the table in his shirt sleeves, now and then stroking his imposing moustache, giving the ends a jovial twist upwards, while discussing the results of the day's work with the Commander-in-Chief of all three trains, Colonel Klimofski, who, small and thin, was looking straight in front of him with his sad and melancholy gaze. Other members of the staff were

intently studying week-old Russian newspapers from Harbin ; one officer sat alone in a corner, softly humming to himself snatches of Russian folk-songs, gripping gingerly the strings of his shaky old balalaika at intervals. We shared like brothers the last bottle of cognac, the last remnant of the Pukow loot, a dare-devil of a gunner suggesting that it was far better to drink the precious stuff while yet there was time, meaning to-night ! To-morrow it might be wasted by the visit of a shell going home. Events proved this officer to be a man of foresight and common sense. Things happened as he said—almost.

I had been sleeping soundly and peacefully on a wooden bench in the mess-room for some hours when I was rudely awakened by a noise like the crack of doom and a hailstorm of sand and lumps of earth being violently thrown in through the window opening ; the armoured plates had been left open on account of the heat. After taking a few minutes to realize where I was, it became clear to me that the Nationalists had discovered our whereabouts by the first streak of dawn and were now sending us a rather indiscreet greeting. A heavy shell had burst not more than a yard and a half from our wagon. I started rummaging eagerly beneath the bench to find my boots first of all. Perhaps it sounds queer, but it is my experience that you take a shelling badly in stockinged feet. Makes you inclined to get cold feet, you know.

The moment the shell burst every man was up and at his post. There was a cry of " Doctor ! " outside, but even before I could get out of the mess-room two wounded men, the Russian and Chinese sentries who had been on night duty beside our train, were carried in. Both were hit about the knees by fragments of shell

and rather badly injured, some of the iron splinters having entered the bone. One of them was also hit in the neck quite close to the main artery ; had it been just a few millimetres more to the front of the throat it would have been fatal.

The Russian surgeon-barber and I attended to the wounded men as best we could under the very primitive conditions. For the present there was nothing to be done but keep them inside the train until we saw a chance of sending them back to the hospital at Tsinanfu.

The enemy, whose observation posts must have reported the fine result of this first shot, continued their efforts with the same focus ; they knew the exact distance separating them from the station outside which we were waiting. We could not advance before we had had time to repair the stretch of line in front of us, neither could we back, because that would have taken us too far away from the place of repairs. There was nothing left for us to do but to bow to the inevitable : take the hailstorm of shells and shrapnel now inundating us with good grace and get the line repaired as quickly as possible. The repairing gang, working like devils, were just as indifferent to the shelling as were the men at the guns. Some of the officers on duty were standing on the roof of the wagon trying to locate the enemy's train through their field-glasses ; some of their comrades were sitting beside them, smoking cigarettes and studying their newspapers, and chatting to each other at intervals as jolly and unconcerned as if they were out for a day's enjoyment in the woods.

Two more wounded Chinese soldiers were brought into the mess-room ; one of them had got his left hand smashed, but exhibited a most astounding callousness and self-control while having it dressed.

It was getting light meanwhile, and the moment our Russians could discern the enemy's position our guns would join in the fray. It soon became evident that our opponent did not like this nearly as well as when he had the game all to himself; he went on shelling us for awhile, but the shots were not nearly so frequent, and at last they ceased altogether.

The enemy's trains had evidently found a safer hiding-place; that they were still there we learned to our cost later on.

Now followed a couple of peaceful hours, when the work of repair was progressing rapidly; then came a message from the man on the look-out to the effect that the enemy's train had appeared once more and apparently intended sending us another greeting. The armoured train, "Peking," a brand-new and splendly equipped affair, now took part in the game for the first time and, quickly changing places with us, ran along the newly-repaired line for about a couple of hundred yards in front of us in order to send the enemy a greeting from Peking. It was her first shot, and it came from the heaviest of her guns.

A solemn and sanguinary inauguration!

The very moment the "Peking" stopped and got ready to fire, the far-off boom, accompanied by an ill-omened whistling, was heard, followed by a loud crash. One of the enemy's shells had burst about a yard from the "Peking" and had hit a young Russian officer just entering the train. He had got one of his shoulders badly smashed, the arm-pit torn, and the shot had injured the main artery and the adjoining centre of nerves. His comrades were carrying him, at a sharp trot, back to our wagon, wrapped in a rug which was already saturated with blood.

There was no possibility of getting him into the wagon now, his wounds were bleeding too profusely. He was placed on the turf beside the train, and the surgeon-barber and I spent a very trying quarter of an hour endeavouring to staunch the bleeding and apply a temporary dressing to his injuries. All the time we were so engaged a series of heavy projectiles were shrieking through the air just above our heads, exploding on all sides of us.

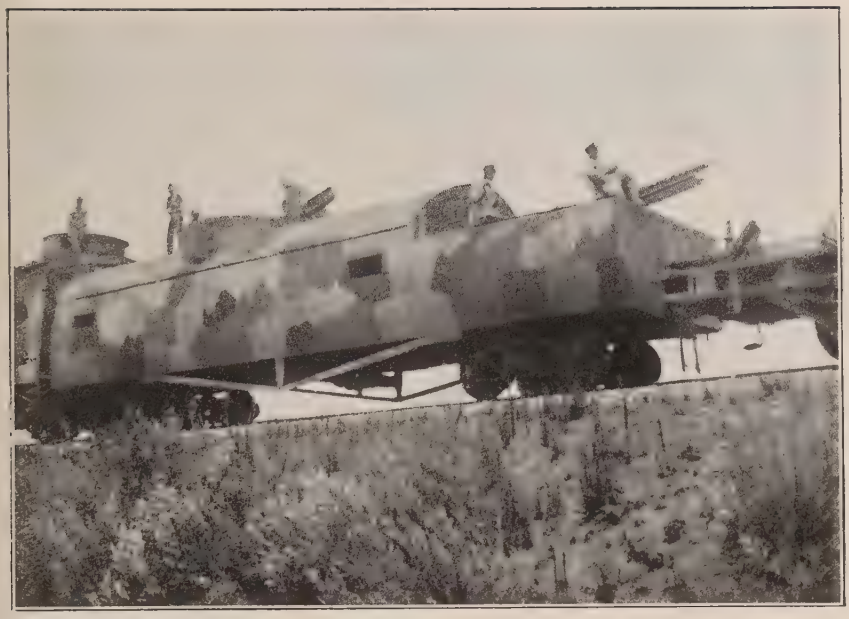
I realized when kneeling in the grass beside the wounded Russian that I must in some degree have undervalued the efficiency of the Chinese gunners when I engaged on this present venture.

Now the fiery temper of the Russian warriors had reached boiling point ; they were sending a hell of a bombardment in maddest *tempo* against the train of their opponent, and actually succeeded in silencing his guns within a few minutes. The overheated, shimmering air, however, prevented our look-out in ascertaining how far he had retired.

A few hours later a single shell suddenly fell more than one kilometre ahead of us. The Nationalists had now drawn their train back out of reach, this single shot representing their last greeting for the present.

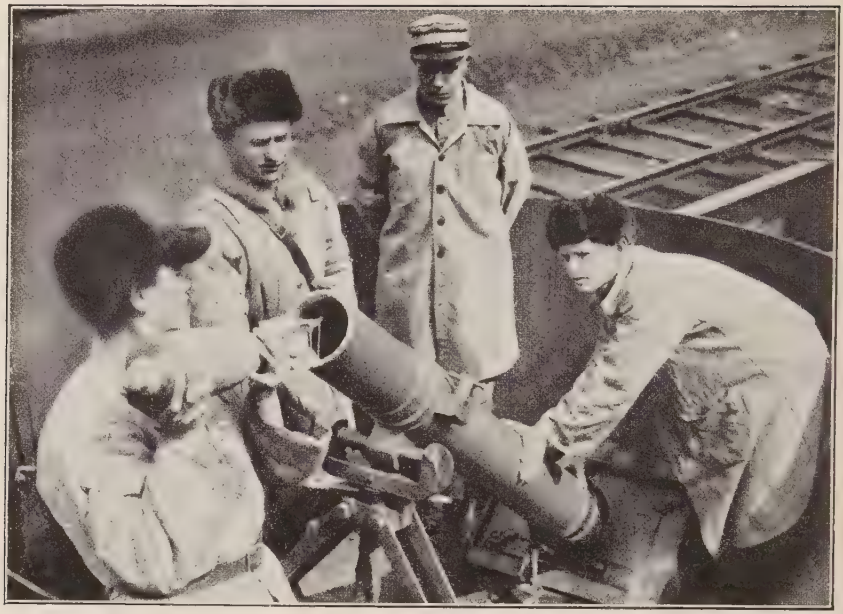
Meanwhile, events were developing rapidly. Chinese gunners on small, hardy ponies were doing duty as scouts, keeping us in contact with the advanced lines of infantry. Favourable reports were meanwhile coming in one by one ; the Nationalists were falling back all along. The hills shelled by our troops during the night were captured at dawn and the troops were now advancing on the town, Lincheng, an important railway junction, our goal for the present.

There were other rumours saying that the Nationalist



CHINESE ARMOURED TRAIN WITH ITS RUSSIAN CREW

RUSSIAN OFFICERS OF THE "SHANTUNG" WATCHING THE EFFECT OF ITS FIRING ON THE ENEMY'S ARMOURED TRAIN



LOADING A BOMB-THROWER

ATTENDING TO A WOUNDED CHINESE SOLDIER

armoured train, which spoke no more, had been captured by our troops; only no one knew the origin of this report, so we dared not altogether trust it. When towards sunset our train had to come to a standstill once again owing to a new breaking up of the rails, and everything round us looked peaceful and idyllic, we seized the occasion to take a much-needed and most refreshing bath in the little river close by and wash our shirts at the same time. Suddenly we saw a Chinese cavalryman galloping towards us along the railway tracks. It was an orderly with an express message to the Commander-in-Chief of our trains. He yelled to us, full of delight, that Lincheng had been taken by the men of the North army; that two of the enemy's armoured trains—the very ones which treated us so harshly a little while ago—had been captured. Instantly we started cheering the good news, and I found myself waving my newly-washed shirt above my head, seized by the infectious enthusiasm of the Russian soldiers; for, strictly speaking, it was no concern of mine.

The invalids from the last day's fight were now streaming towards the railway line, hoping to find a train to take them back to the hospital; poor, wretched creatures, full of pain and with dirty rags and pieces of paper wrapped round their injuries. Only those able to drag themselves along by their own efforts had any chance of being saved; the fatally wounded were brutally left to die where they fell as there was no proper organization of ambulances or Red Cross service.

Soon we met whole gangs of prisoners of the defeated Nationalist army. I ascertained that some of them belonged to the celebrated tenth army corps, whom I used to know and with whose officers I was feasting on that famous occasion not a month ago at Suchow, at

the Nationalist headquarters. Little did I dream then that we should meet again so soon, and under such conditions. I was invited to a great banquet with the officers of the tenth army corps at Peking, to celebrate the capture! I guess I shall have to take that meal alone now and pay for it out of my own pocket.

All night long repairs on the line were continued at a furious pace; the last break was near a bridge and worse than either of the previous ones. Prisoners, coolies, everybody who could wield an axe, had been mustered for the occasion. The electric searchlights were shedding their dazzling white rays over a confusion of half-naked, perspiring bodies. Black-bearded Russians and narrow-eyed Mongolians suddenly appeared out of the inky darkness into the white circle of light. The metallic sounds from spades, pick-axes and heavy hammers rang noisily through the stillness of the night, mingled with Russian words of command and Chinese oaths and imprecations, almost loud enough to drown the far-off thunder of distant guns.

The morning sun was rising like a glorious disc of gold up above the horizon. Its first rays revealed the railway lines repaired ready for the advance of our train. Only a few hours later we glided into the station at Lincheng, waving our hands in friendly greeting to our deadly enemies of a while ago, the Nationalist armoured trains, now recaptured by our side.

There was no doubt about it now: what we were witnessing was the utter collapse of the Nationalist forces. Chiang-Kai-Shek had lost all his three armoured trains, together with the goods trains containing his munition stores and material. He had lost thousands of soldiers and his army was now retreating in chaotic and panic-stricken condition, not even giving itself time to break

down the bridges behind them and with no chance of maintaining the connection with its working basis, Suchow.

From now on the contested places would be Pukow and Nanking—no longer Peking and Tientsin.

Thus ended the Nationalists' plans of entering Peking ; Chiang-Kai-Shek's dream of ruling China had been frustrated—for the time being.

CHAPTER XV

AWAY FROM THE TUMULT OF WAR

JUBILANT masses of victorious North army soldiers were continually marching into Lincheng. On steaming into the railway station we were received with the triumphant cry: "We came first! We came before you!" from the soldiers standing round. They proved to be part of those infantry regiments with whom we had been in touch during the advance, and who were forced to go forward much against their inclination, the time when our train had to stop for repairs. Now they were smiling all over, as happy as children who had won a race.

I joined the Russian officers of the "Shantung" on a tour of exploration amongst the confused jumble of trains and wagon-parts left behind by the Nationalists on their precipitate retreat. It was clear that all traffic had come to a standstill at this important junction, blocking their advance and retreat alike. That was how it came about that their precious armoured trains, meaning to stop our trains from advancing, had been intercepted here at the station together with the munition trucks. We tried in vain to find out what had been the fate of the crews.

We recognized all the three armoured trains which had pestered us during the last few days. The Russians were stroking the scarred sides of their cars in a caressing manner much as we should do to an old and trusted

ARMOURED TRAIN CROSSING A BRIDGE WHICH HAS JUST BEEN REPAIRED AFTER BEING BLOWN UP BY THE ENEMY

REPAIRING THE LINE

RUSSIAN SOLDIER OF THE "SHANTUNG" ON GUARD

ONE OF THE CAPTURED ARMOURED TRAINS. NOTE THE REVOLUTIONARY SIGN OF THE "SUN" STILL ON THE TRAIN

charger which had carried us through many dangers. They had lived together through numerous fights and skirmishes, these men and their trains, so it was really no wonder that they were pleased to have them back again. Cannons and machine-guns were carefully inspected to see whether the enemy had taken proper care of them during his term of possession. Everything was found to be all right ; the Nationalists must have had some of their very ablest artillery officers to take charge of these trains.

On the plated sides of the cars the flaming Sun of Kuomin-tang was still shining on banners, above huge white and yellow inscriptions : " Down with the Imperialists—On to Peking." The banners were torn away at once.

Shortly after our arrival at the railway station a council of war was held in the small and cramped officers' mess on board the " Shantung." It was the Chinese generals in charge of the great advance who had come to discuss further plans of action with the Russian officers. It was unanimously decided to go full speed ahead so as not to give the Nationalists time to entrench near the big canal ; the Russians, who were wanting to capture the Nationalist stronghold, Suchow, and thus obtain the promised reward of three hundred thousand dollars, being even keener on the advance than their native confederates.

The gist of it all, from their point of view, was : for or against Bolshevism.

To Russian eyes Chiang-Kai-Shek and his Nationalists looked just as " Red " as the Hankow leaders ; their secret hope was that the time had come for triumphing over the victorious Bolshevists—at last !

Orders were that our train must be ready to start

within another hour. The wounded Russians were still there. The young officer who had his shoulder smashed was the worst hurt of them all ; in fact, he had only one chance of recovery—going into hospital at Tsinanfu as soon as possible to have his arm amputated. I tried to find some small space for the two badly wounded men and myself in the overcrowded and badly ravaged town in order to await a north-going train and to take them myself to the hospital at Tsinanfu. If we were to give them in charge of the Chinese " Red Cross," so-called, the chances were two to one that they would be left to die as soon as our backs were turned

Going into the town I found every available space occupied by soldiers of the victorious and triumphant North army, who had stormed the place hot on the heels of the retreating Nationalists. From the walls and gables the inciting placards and glowing inscriptions against all enemies of the Nationalistic cause were still staring at us ; they were the very ones I had seen the little Chinese students designing at the propaganda printing establishment at Nanking, intended by their creators to grace the walls of the Imperial palace of Peking soon.

And thus we had met again !

It would not be correct to say that the inhabitants of the town were welcoming the men of the North army as liberators. All houses and shops were tightly closed. I learned with much interest that the leaders of the Nationalist armies had had sufficient foresight to let their men pay for all their purchases in the freshly captured provinces with silver cash or up-to-date notes. This made them instantly popular amongst the inhabitants of the towns ; all booths were thrown open, trade revived once more, while, on the other hand, the North

army troops were meeting their liabilities with bills of no definite value. This resulted in constant ructions between the soldiers and the tradespeople who refused to sell their goods at such uncertain terms.

As for myself, I was taken to be Russian by all, and that certainly did not make for popularity in these parts. However, by means of the seven words and signs representing my whole store of Chinese I nevertheless succeeded in discovering a small Roman Catholic Mission station kept going in spite of these fearful conditions of constant warfare, by the selfless courage and intrepidity of a priest and two sisters. The mission belonged to the same holy order, the Divine Word, which had been our refuge on our way down here all through the province of Shantung. All the separate missions are under the supervision of the old and beloved bishop at Yenchow, in whose convent we spent that memorable night some short time ago.

Father Krins looked somewhat taken aback at seeing a foreigner appearing on his threshold in such times. He received me most kindly and agreed to take the wounded Russians into his house till I succeeded in sending them on to the hospital at Tsinanfu—although it was by no means a safe job for him or his mission. If the luck of war were to turn—nothing was more fickle than Chinese fortune of arms—and the Nationalists returned once more and found a Russian soldier hidden in the mission house it would probably mean instant death to the wounded men. What would happen to Father Krins and the sisters I should not like to say; as for myself, whether the Nationalist passport still in my pocket would save me from receiving the treatment of a spy if I were discovered here amongst the hated Russians was difficult to say. In any case I was not anxious to run the risk, so I promised Father Krins, out

of the honest conviction of my heart, that if the Nationalist army should return I and my two charges would be out of the way before they entered the town.

It cannot have been a comfortable post for this Roman Catholic priest here in this place of exposure with the war right up to his doors, so to speak, for months on end.

During the last few days and nights immediately before the victorious entrance of the North army troops into the town he had spent the greater part of the time in the church, whose walls were strong enough to withstand the shells which kept bursting all round the mission house. By this time Father Krins had witnessed the retreat of various armies, sometimes one, sometimes its opponent, but he told me that he never saw anything as chaotic and confused as the retreat of the Nationalists this last time. As late as the day before the capture of the town by the North army ten thousand Nationalist troops arrived from the South still sure of themselves and their ultimate victory. However, they had not even reached the outskirts of the city before they were met by numbers of their own troops retreating in the greatest confusion.

By degrees the streets of Lincheng grew to be one seething, jumbled mass of retreating Nationalistic soldiers, panic-stricken, while the thunder from the guns of the enemy's advancing armoured trains grew louder and louder. On carts and wheelbarrows, with horses, mules and oxen as teams, the soldiers were dragging along with them as much as they possibly could of their stores and outfits. Whole divisions deserted blankly, throwing away their arms and their caps with the Nationalist badge, and sat down by the roadside to wait the advance of the North army troops, not caring a straw about

Nationalism, Imperialism, or the whole lot. Not a vestige was left of that revolutionary spirit which had filled their souls a short while ago when the army marched out of Canton.

During its advance the Nationalist army had absorbed in its units so many undesirable members, such as poor soldiers, deserters from the North army divisions whose officers had been bribed to treachery. Now, in the moment of adversity, the result of absorbing these elements into the ranks manifested itself by lack of adhesion and power of resistance.

I returned to fetch the wounded soldiers and say good-bye to their hale and hearty comrades before the " Shantung " steamed ahead once more. My best wishes went with them on their way to new experiences and I promised not to forget those letters written in great haste to families and friends in Russia and given into my charge for despatch.

During some days and nights I kept a young and smart Chinaman at the railway station charged to inform me the very moment he heard of a north-going train. During the time of waiting I sheltered, together with my two Russian patients, beneath the hospitable roof of the mission, where the two Roman Catholic sisters were nursing the wounded men with the utmost care and skill. They were fully trained sick nurses who had served in the German hospital during the present war. All day long they worked patiently and uncomplainingly in the small and primitive ward-room of the mission house, dressing the wounds and administering to the complaints of the endless stream of wounded Chinese soldiers who came here to be helped. In their spotless nuns' garb, with their sweet, refined faces and gentle, skilful hands they looked like angels of mercy come to the rescue of

suffering humanity; nevertheless they had, time and again been subjected to the roughest treatment by the hands of Nationalist officers of the foreign-hating type, who had entered the hospital ward with scant ceremony, rummaging amongst the stores of linen kept for dressings, taking away what pleased them—drugs, etc.—boasting loudly all the time that they did not care a d—— for foreign ways and people, they did as they liked and took what they wanted. The Chinese rank and file, on the other hand, were invariably kind and polite and respectful, so the sisters told me; and as for the North army—leaders as well as troops—none of them had ever given them any cause for complaint.

At last I got a message that there was an ambulance train going North.

I tried in vain to induce the Chinese "Red Cross" soldiers to take my two Russians to the railway station. They—the Chinese stretcher-bearers—were lying at their ease beneath some big trees near their quarters, smoking cigarettes and gambling to their hearts' content; they flatly refused to help me. Where their officers were no one could tell me, so I had to go into the streets myself trying to find some native coolies whom I bribed to carry the wounded Russians to the station on hastily constructed stretchers just in time to catch the train. How the three hundred wounded already collected there had managed to drag themselves along I could not conceive; every man had to look out for himself in these parts, there were no such things as regular ambulance services and orderlies.

I actually succeeded, after some minutes of anxious search, to find room for myself and my two charges in an iron van where the floor was of the same metal; we just managed to squeeze in, sitting and lying on the floor

PRISONERS OF THE DEFEATED NATIONALIST ARMY

AMBULANCE WORK

VILLAGE CHILDREN RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES AFTER THE BATTLE

WOUNDED CHINESE SOLDIER BARGAINING WITH A VILLAGE WOMAN

beside each other. There were already twenty wounded in there when we arrived.

After a tedious wait of five hours we actually began to move off, lumbering along the very same line we had passed with the armoured trains during the fighting of the last two days. The shell holes on the side of the track were still there. The natives of these districts had already returned to their homes and were to be seen working busily in the fields, consoling themselves that the storm was over, for the time being, at any rate.

The journey to Tsinanfu, which should last normally about seven hours, took the better part of twenty-four hours this time. All stations were blocked by troop-trains going South. As ill-luck would have it a heat wave was just passing over North China, the temperature being then about 112 Fahrenheit in the shade. During the many hours' stay in the frizzling sun the closed-up wagons were changed into veritable ovens. No hatches anywhere, only the usual partition doors to admit the air. For the wounded men who had to lie the whole time on the burning hot iron floor with not even a mat to ease the uncompromising hardness of their position was one of the most ghastly tortures imaginable. The small store of bread and eggs and a mixture of wine and cognac in my flask which I got at the mission before leaving was distributed all round inside our wagon, but could not go far amongst so many members. For the rest of the journey I, like the natives, had to exist on water-melons, cucumbers, peaches, cigarettes and boiling water. I had managed to get hold of an old copper kettle by bartering with its native owner; we now had it filled with boiling water in place of tea. It was a thousand pities that the mission stations, where I had such good and kind friends, were lying so far away from

the railway stopping places that there was no chance of slipping out of the trains and down to one of them for some sorely needed replenishment of my stores of dressings and refreshments. One never knew whether the train was going to stop at the station for five minutes or five hours. These were indeed pitiful conditions for the poor wounded men, as all I could manage with what I had left was to shift the dressings of my two Russian friends, but the Chinese wounded needed attention just as badly.

The Chinese military authorities were sublimely indifferent to the matter; they did not even provide drinking water for the wounded. Those who were able to crawl out of the wagons at the stopping places, or at least push forward till they reached the doors, were sometimes able to get hold of some eatables of a sort from the village people coming to the stations on purpose to traffic with the soldiers.

If what I had heard was true, that the Chinese soldiers were apt to be very harsh in their treatment of the country people when marching through their villages, I can testify that the village women, on their side, understood to the full how to get their revenge on the wounded soldiers no longer able to retaliate. They made them pay exorbitant prices for each drink of water, each green cucumber or slice of water-melon bought.

The most severely wounded, unable to fight for themselves, were entirely forgotten on such occasions. It was a rare sight to see any of their comrades help them to a drink of water or the like. Where one saw a circle of comrades standing round a dying soldier it was simply for the sake of laughing at some queer muscular contortion of his limbs, or some other result of his smashed-up

condition of agony. Those who died on the way were allowed to lie where they were till we reached our final destination.

I had never anywhere seen such barefaced egoism, such utter want of understanding and lack of sympathy with their fellow creatures as amongst these Chinese soldiers with whom I was then travelling. To make up for it I certainly never knew their equals in suffering pains of their own ; not a cry, hardly a moan ever escaped their lips ; a dumb and stoical fatalism seemed to be the general characteristic of all Chinese soldiers.

The first two days and nights had had a very bad effect on one of the Russians ; he was now delirious nearly all the time. The heat and the stench grew more and more insufferable as time passed, and it was difficult to find any rest on the iron floor. Consequently I made up my mind to find some other place if anyway possible. I was lucky enough to discover a third-class carriage where a small number of army medical officers were making themselves comfortable on some of the stretchers which ought by rights to have been used for the wounded men. The subacid, sweetish smell inside the compartment revealed the secret of their having indulged in opium smoking instead of tending to the sick. With the assistance of a couple of coolies I got my two Russians moved into this carriage, which afforded a welcome change to them from the living hell where we had stayed up till now. Of course this was by no means carried through as easily as it reads: the Chinese officers made a hell of a row, to start with, and it was not till I told them that my two charges were officers of rank, and threatened to complain about their behaviour to their Commander-in-Chief, the governor of Shantung, General Chang Chung Chang, when I came to Tsinanfu that they

finally gave in to my demands. This conflict, however, formed an introduction to a quite interesting discussion between us later on, when I and my patients were comfortably settled in their midst. I desired to have their explanation of the Chinese military system, which applied all the latest European inventions of warfare—aeroplanes, armoured trains, machine-guns, etc.—but completely neglected the wounded.

One of the officers, who spoke fluent English, explained to me, in a callous way and without any beating about the bush, that it was simply and solely a question of economy.

It did not pay the State to patch up a fatally wounded soldier. Human material was so cheap in over-populated China that it paid much better to get hold of another coolie and turn him into a soldier and put him into the place of the wounded man. And that, I understood, was the one and only explanation of there practically being no such thing as an organized military hospital system in the Chinese armies of either side.

As to the question of humane feelings towards suffering fellow creatures, the Chinese do not understand such considerations.

At last, wonderful to relate, we got so far along the line that we were able to discern the lights of Tsinanfu through the darkness one evening shortly after sunset. About one and a half kilometres outside the railway station we came to a halt. The first to get away with their whole kit of teapots, rugs and personal belongings were, of course, the Red Cross officers. We waited for another couple of hours without getting nearer to the station. At last I felt too impatient to wait longer and got out, stumbling along the rails, falling over telegraph-wires, debris of all sorts, and mistaking my way several

times in the pitch darkness of the night ; at last, however, I reached the station.

Here I was fortunate enough to meet two Russian soldiers belonging to the crew of an armoured train going to the front in a day or two. They promised me to take their wounded comrades to the hospital in Tsinanfu as quickly as possible.

A couple of hours later, after a most welcome hot bath and a square meal, I was stretching myself luxuriously, safe and sound and contented beneath the mosquito-net of a real *bona fide* bed at the house of the Italian postmaster at Tsinanfu. He was just as kind and hospitable as all the rest of the admirable post officials I had visited on my present tour—or rather, as all the other foreign officials I had met during my wanderings in China.

Before falling asleep that night events and reminiscences of these wanderings of mine kept passing before my eyes in film-like succession. The conclusion of it all was the same as had occurred to me over and over again when moving about in this hopeless chaos which is China—that, however much one may sympathize with the desire for liberty on the part of the idealistic leaders, it is to be hoped that the Western Powers may not, in misguided eagerness and influenced by false sentiment, try to make up for past mistakes and previous unfair treatment of Chinese subjects by committing the mistake of delivering peaceable and honest foreigners, their lives and property, to the arbitrary will and treatment of the unruly Chinese masses.

So long as there is to be found amongst these masses—in spite of much talk of ancient culture and the like—such abyssmal depths of ignorance and fiendish cruelty of barbarism and easily excited fanaticism, so long

must the white races consider it their sacred duty to secure for themselves and their subjects the same legal protection and rights as the Chinese enjoy when living and wandering about in the countries of Europe and America, till the day comes when, out of the ashes of the present tumultuous Chinese politics, a new and strong and responsible government may arise, able to secure ordered conditions and safety to all subjects within the boundaries of the vast empire.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM ROBBER CHIEF TO GENERALISSIMO

ALTHOUGH reports from the seat of war at Tsinanfu were few and far between, it was clear that the threatening storm-clouds had now drifted southwards, and that things in the town were settling down once more, the feeling amongst the inhabitants being more confident than it was at the time when I stayed in Tsinanfu before starting southwards to the front.

The Chinese tradespeople had again removed the bolts and shutters from their stores and arranged their stock of groceries in front of the shops on the street. The few thousand of Japanese soldiers, arriving in Tsinanfu at the moment the Nationalist army was expected to enter the town, had helped a great deal to cheer the inhabitants. The Japanese would permit no looting or any other excesses on the part of the revolutionary troops ; that much the Chinese knew.

True, the Japanese are hated like poison by all Chinese, the Press of the North as well as of the South party agreeing in the inciting language of their newspapers as to the selfish intentions cherished by the Japanese with regard to the Shantung province, which they were then entering ; but the same Chinese men who were present at protest meetings against the Japanese and held up their hands in support of resolutions unanimously carried, protesting against the entrance of Japanese troops into Chinese territories, did not hesitate to sneak along

to the depots which the Japanese military authorities had established for the use of their own countrymen living in Shantung. There they arrived, those valiant Japanese-haters, together with the well-to-do Chinese tradesmen and others, begging humbly to be allowed to bring their little treasures to safety behind the protective muzzles of the much-hated and loathed Japanese guns. And the Japanese commander-in-charge of the depot smiled his little sly and malignant smile while readily opening his safes to his Chinese guests.

The " blue express train " was once more doing its regular journeys between Tsinanfu and Tientsin, but its complement of passengers included practically no foreigners.

I had spent most of my time when travelling in China this time on the floors of filthily dirty goods wagons, crammed to desperation ; consequently it seemed quite strange to me once again to find myself seated in a comparatively clean and fast train with comfortable compartments, buzzing electric fans and an excellent restaurant-car.

One realized how pleasant it was to be in those parts of China not yet touched by the ravages of revolt and civil war.

In Tientsin it was the foreign protective regiments, most of all the American marines, who dominated the life of the town just then. The soldiers of these regiments were beginning to find things a bit dull out here. " It is a crazy show," said a jolly U.S.A. sailor to me confidingly. " We have guns, tanks, machine-guns, in short everything except a chance of using them ! I'd like to know why we are retained in this hell of an oven. Wish they'd send us back to California and Honolulu."

It is specially true what he said about the heat ; the

quicksilver pointed to 114 Fahrenheit in the shade. The very same heat wave which martyred us on our way back from the fighting front now hung like a pall over Peking. The city was half doped with the heat. One lonely rickshaw coolie was trotting along the burning asphalt of the foreign legation quarter, the sweat dripping from him incessantly. It was only at tiffin-time and after sunset, when going to the club, that one saw a bit of life in the streets. Most of the foreign women and children had been sent away, either to the coast or home to Europe or America. The big hotels were empty, for who would come to Peking if not in duty bound to do so—just now? The usual stream of American tourists whom neither the dust clouds of Chinese spring nor the heat waves of summer are able to scare were making a wide circuit to avoid contact with anything Chinese.

In the foreign club I met again the same crowd of international members whom I knew here four years ago, and of whom not even the people most experienced in China and with the greatest foresight dreamt of such upheavals as the present coming over China within the short span of four years. True, there was even then some "nonsense" going on down South, at Canton; but that seemed ever so far from Peking at that time, we thought, so really it didn't concern us up here a bit.

But now the position was an altogether different one. From mere onlookers the foreigners in China had become a changed people, directly concerned in the happenings. No wonder, therefore, that the club members were eager to learn about the latest news from the infected parts and might be heard discussing the outlook with profound interest. As mentioned before in this volume, a number of foreigners in Chinese service had lost their posts. In spite of the fact that the Nationalist "rush" on Peking

so far had miscarried and that Chiang-Kai-Shek's foreign politics were marked by a pleasant restraint, we still had a feeling as if walking on some kind of tottering foundation. We did not for a moment allow ourselves to forget that problems were not finally settled even if things for the time being seemed comparatively normal and peaceable, thanks to the victories of the North party.

Arrived in Peking, I turned my attention towards obtaining an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Chang Tso-Lin. As it happened he was very much engaged just in those days, and various tactical manœuvres were tried before I succeeded in getting what I wanted. What helped me more than anything else was the fact of my arriving hot-foot from the fighting front, from where Chang Tso-Lin himself had only got few and sparse reports owing to the break on the telegraph lines.

Through the Danish Legation I received an official summons to attend at the residence of His Excellency the Dictator next morning; a car from headquarters would convey me there.

At the appointed hour a smart motor-car, accompanied by an escort of three soldiers fully armed, stopped outside my door, and a moment after we were racing, with the escort balancing on the footboard of the car, towards the palace—one of the many Imperial ones now abandoned—where Chang Tso-Lin resided as the mightiest man in the place.

Chang Tso-Lin's fantastic career from chief of a robber band in the mountain regions of Manchuria to Commander-in-Chief of the North army, ruler of all North China, he himself residing in the old city of the emperors, Peking, is a worthy parallel to the story of Sun-Yat-Sen himself,

GENERAL CHANG-TSO-LIN, RULER OF MANCHURIA AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NORTHERN ARMY

MARSHAL CHANG CHUNG CHANG, RULER OF THE PROVINCE OF SHANTUNG, AND ALLY OF CHANG-TSO-LIN

IN THEIR GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS!
THE THREE SMALL GRANDSONS OF GENERAL CHANG-TSO-LIN
STUDYING THE MECHANISM OF ONE OF THE HEAVY GUNS

FOUR YEARS OLD AND SELF-SUPPORTING!
A YOUNGSTER EARNING HIS LIVING BY HAWKING

who, as son of a poor peasant, finished as the leader of millions of Chinamen, a leader whose spirit will still be present in the creation of the *new* China. The life stories of these two men stand as typically characteristic of Chinese spirit and Chinese possibilities, representing as they do two diametrically opposed types of the same nation. Sun-Yat-Sen was born in 1866, Chang Tso-Lin in 1876.

It was evident from his very first appearance in the field of action that Chang was no ordinary robber-chief. Shortly after the Russo-Japanese War—where he and his mounted scouts had given valuable assistance to the Japanese arms—the Imperial governor at Mukden put a price on his head. Undaunted as ever, the " doomed " man was seen walking into the governor's palace one fine morning all alone ; when admitted to the governor's presence he suggested that he and his followers would enter the service of the Emperor. His offer was accepted without any bartering, and thus began the career of Chang Tso-Lin. Barely ten years later we saw him as absolute autocratic ruler of Mukden and Manchuria.

And he has maintained his position in spite of the fact that Soviet Russia threatened and intrigued against him from the West and the Japanese more than " guarded " their interests in South Manchuria. Mostly with the curious mixture of craftiness and fearlessness characteristic of his methods, he had succeeded in creating peace and ordered conditions within his province, so that everything was flourishing at a rate which would have seemed impossible ten years previously.

We drove through the solemn portals into the ancient city of the emperors, passed through a succession of picturesque gates where the sentries of the Commander-in-Chief were presenting arms with a quick shout every

time. At last we stopped outside the entrance of His Excellency's palace. Through a wide hall and a gallery supported by lacquered, scarlet columns, I was conducted to the reception saloon, which was furnished with English easy-chairs. A strange atmosphere of silent aloofness reigned over the vast room, nothing of the " American " breathlessness and hurry so typical of the Nationalist undertakings down South ; no swarms of bustling young " spectacled " secretaries in mufti with white collars and cuffs rushing in and out incessantly with bundles of documents under their arms ; none of the " Young China " record breaking speed in business and world-wide political decisions.

I was received by the Vice Minister, Wu Ching, who spoke elegant French. He offered me tea and Turkish cigarettes and informed me that Chang Tso-Lin was coming in a moment. Only a few minutes passed before the doors opened to admit the ruler himself.

If the leader of the " Reds," Borodin, proved to be different from what I had imagined, this man now, Borodin's deadly opponent, was still more so.

The man now entering the room was small and thin. He was clad in a long Chinese everyday cloak of grey silk. In his right hand was a fan, engraved with strange Chinese characters ; he moved it mechanically the whole time while he talked.

Was it possible, I asked myself, that this little old wizened being with the thin, grey, drooping wisps of moustaches was identical with the famous ruler and army leader, with the one-time formidable chief of mountain hordes, the autocratic ruler of Manchury, who did not hesitate to dictate proceedings to both Japanese and Soviet Russians ? However, after having spoken for barely a couple of minutes to this man I

realized that behind the half-closed, sleepy lids were a pair of wonderfully intelligent eyes, watchful and alert, and behind the mask of apparent senility flamed a temperament and an impulsive energy which in itself explained the secret of this man's exceptional career.

In obedience to the suggestion of the Vice Minister I had brought with me a sample collection of snapshots taken by me of the happenings at the front, showing the captured munition wagons, the recaptured armoured trains, arrival of prisoners from the Nationalist army, etc., etc., and Chang Tso-Lin, who, so far, had heard very little from the seat of war, was immensely interested in these proofs of the collapse of the Nationalists. He asked me various searching questions about the behaviour of the Shantung troops, and appeared somewhat surprised that they had actually come off victorious for once, seeing that they had had nothing but disasters during the last six months.

We proceeded to discuss the conditions in the parts of China occupied by the Nationalists. " They call me reactionary down there," he said with a slight smile, " but can you, who have stayed amongst the Cantonese, point out to me any progress or improvements carried out by them ? Does it strike you that conditions are better down there where the revolutionaries have conquered than up here in North China ? "

I truthfully admitted that so far nothing but dissolution and death of economical and social conditions characterized the " progress " of the Nationalist party, where the foreigners had been chased away, whereas up here in the North under Chang Tso-Lin's rule even the foreigners enjoyed comparative peace and security.

" I am not trying to suppress the movement for liberty in China ; quite the other way about. I bow to the

three principles of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen and should like to see the unfair treaties with foreign Powers annulled; only I feel that this must be done by peaceable co-operation with the foreign Powers, not by force of arms and violence," said Chang Tso-Lin, emphasizing his words by two or three little quick, energetic beats with his fan.

As regards the movements of Chiang-Kai-Shek, who, owing to the collapse of his army, was trying to open discussions of peace with the North, he said that, if only Chiang was honest in his anti-Communist fight, there would be no reason why peace could not be brought about; only he feared that the Nanking government and Chiang himself were just as "Red" at heart as the Red rule of Hankow. And he added, most emphatically, that he would go on fighting against the Nationalists to his last round as long as there was the slightest suspicion of Communism or Sovietism about them and their actions; as long as they kept up their communications with Moscow, in fact. There was no doubt about it: the old warrior's hatred of the Bolshevists, who had done what they could to crush his power and put him out of the run, was just as intense as ever.

He next led the conversation to the situation at Suchow, at the headquarters of Chiang-Kai-Shek, where I stayed. He desired to know what I thought of the Nationalist troops as compared to those of the North armies.

I quoted to him Chiang's confident words regarding his willingness to conclude peace with Chang Tso-Lin if only the latter would agree to leave Peking and submit to orders from the Central Executive Committee of the National government. A big smile appeared on the face of the old army leader and ruler. His heavy eyelids lifted together with the eyebrows and the upper lip,

showing the long yellow incisors ; it was clear that he was immensely pleased at the humorous idea of his appearing as the humble and obedient servant of the revolutionary government.

The audience did not last long. Before I withdrew I was presented with a stately photo of Chang Tso-Lin in the uniform of a field-marshal, with many stars and stripes on his chest and a stately plume in his hat. Giving me his hand as he left, he expressed the wish that I might be as comfortable up here in the North as in the revolutionary South. A moment after I was alone, the doors having closed behind this strange personality who looked so small and wizened yet was China's strongest man of the hour, whose surroundings bowed to him in the dust as did the servants of the old Emperors in days gone by.

I felt as if a breath from days of long ago had passed through the room, as if I had been standing face to face with a last remnant of the old Celestial Empire, had met a type from those days when the Emperors, in all their splendour and fantastic glory, moved about inside the walls of the "prohibited city," sheltered by the imposing and solid walls from the intrusion of the foreign barbarians.

A moment later I stood in the dazzling sunshine outside the palace. Across the empty and shadowless squares of the Imperial city I wandered, past ancient palaces where now the dust falls, silently and perpetually, in the vast and desolate halls. Gone are all the thousands of glorious magnates basking in the sunshine of the Imperial court and its radiant splendour : the mandarins in their silks and gold-embroidered cloaks ; Imperial eunuchs, full of treachery and wily schemes ; graceful concubines with laughter like silver pearls and cheeks

like the bloom of the peach; court bards, artists, all the members of the strange world inside these palace walls, of which we outsiders heard queer and mystical rumours which sounded in our Western ears like the dreams of fairyland.

Gone, gone—all of it. Left alone behind are the ancient palace walls, desolate as tombstones over the China which is now crumbling to dust.

Far out on the horizon towards the south the sky is flaming like the reflection of a distant fire. Through fighting and chaos, by blood and fire, will rise the new-born future China.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION

A YEAR has passed since these dramatic events took place. The wheels of time rotate in a strange *tempo* all their own, more incalculable than ever where China is concerned.

Century after century has elapsed in the Celestial Empire without apparently leaving any mark, yet a few years have sufficed to effect a revolution which has started the millions of the country marching towards a new era, and has brought about a situation in world politics which, sooner or later, will have a radical effect upon the position of the white race in the East.

The present volume only attempts to describe a single phase—perhaps the most dramatic of all—of the Chinese revolution. In the moment, however, of its being presented to the English-speaking public the march of the revolutionists from Canton to Peking has been accomplished : the events of this special chapter, foreseen as early as the summer of 1927, are now official facts.

As the author of these pages I feel impelled to review briefly the happenings of the year which has passed since that day of glaring sunshine, in August a year ago, when I wandered out through the gates of the " prohibited city " after my conversation with the then ruler of North China, Chang Tso-Lin.

I venture to hope that those of my readers who have been patient enough to follow me in my wanderings

through the chaos of China as depicted in the present volume will be sufficiently interested to ask, ere we take farewell of each other, what has happened since to the leading characters whom they have learnt to know in my book, and what were the strange evolutions that resulted in the Nationalist banner waving over the roofs of Peking barely a year after the events described by me.

These are precisely the questions I shall endeavour to answer, as briefly as possible.

After the collapse of the Nationalist army in Shantung and the events which we have followed from the armoured trains, fate seemed to favour the North Party for a time. Sun Chuang-Fang's army was advancing south in great haste, while Chiang-Kai-Shek on his side made a desperate attempt to check the retreat of the demoralized Nationalist troops. Failing in this, he relinquished his command as military leader of the Nationalists, retired from the political game and went to live in Japan for a time.

The "Christian" general, for his part, made no attempt at supporting his new ally through a flank attack on the Northern troops, and in Nanking and Shanghai panic and confusion appeared to reign supreme amongst the leaders of the Nationalist Party. It looked for a moment as if the North Party would succeed once more in obtaining possession of these strategically important towns, or, at any rate, securing for themselves a permanent line of defence along the Yangtze River, which divides North China from the South.

However, now as before, we have seen the plans of the North Party fail through lack of cohesion and initiative. Sun Chuang-Fang's victorious army, after entering Peking, was left to its own devices, receiving no support of any kind, whether ammunition, stores or

soldiers—nay, the doors were literally banged on him by his own party, so to speak ! The result was that the Nationalists got time to rally once more, resuming their advance towards the north and nearing the frontiers of the Shantung province.

We may well call the ruler of the Shantung province, Chang Chung Chang, the *enfant terrible* of Chang Tso-Lin's allies. A poor general and a brutal despot, he had reduced his rich and fertile province to a state of poverty and misery within a few short years, by letting brigands and soldiers help themselves to what was left to the people after the merciless extortions by the tax collectors. It is maintained that within the last few years a million and a half of the Shantung peasants—poor, hardworking and frugal people—have left their homes to escape ill-treatment, journeying on foot the hundreds of miles to Manchuria and dragging their poor belongings with them, to found new homes under safer conditions. Chang Tso-Lin saw the advantage of supporting these desirable settlers, who were just what was wanted as tillers of the rich soil of Manchuria.

The general feeling towards the hated ruler of Shantung was such that no tears were shed when the Nationalists took possession of the province.

This, however, did not happen till after the " Christian " general, thanks to a subtle trick, had inflicted a crushing defeat on Chang Chung Chang's forces. He simply ordered one of his generals to inform the Northern army that he would go over to their side with all his men if they would pay him handsomely. The offer was accepted and the whole force marched, true Chinese fashion, over to the enemy and were posted right at the rear, behind the Shantung troops.

The " Christian " general suddenly opened fire at an

agreed signal, while at the same time the " deserters " attacked the Shantung regiments in the rear. The result was disastrous. The only section of the Shantung army who stood their ground as long as possible was, as usual, the Russian mercenaries. The result of their heroism was the loss of 1,500 men out of a total of 3,000, and six of their eight armoured trains.

Those were the trains in which I took part in the advance on Chiang-Kai-Shek's forces six months previously, and most of the expatriated soldiers of fortune with whom I had shared both good and evil luck, and whom I had come to look upon as friends and comrades, met their death on this occasion, after many years of hardship and adventure.

The Shantung army had become invertebrate and lost its last remaining power of resistance, and new disasters followed in February and March.

Chiang-Kai-Shek, who was back again at the head of the Nationalist armies, was working his way north, steadily and deliberately, with the Nanking troops, regaining the territories he had lost the previous summer —and still others with them. Simultaneously co-operation with the " Christian " general, which had failed last year, was resumed, Feng Yu-Hsiang advancing along the lines of the Hankow–Peking railway. A third and valuable ally in this confederation was the ruler of the Shansi province, the so-called " model Governor," Yen Shi Shan, a much respected and clever administrator. After having managed his province throughout some twenty years, as an autocrat and with great ability, he was now for the first time taking part in the intricate game of Chinese warfare, letting his troops advance on Peking from the west.

The entry of the Nationalist armies into Tsinanfu, the

capital of Shantung, during the month of May, 1928, was followed by a series of outrages reminding one of previous incidents at Hankow and Nanking; only this time it was the Japanese inhabitants who suffered, the few other foreigners left behind in the town not being molested in any way. The happenings in Tsinanfu were not accidental; the Nationalist movement from its very beginning in Canton has been characterized by incitement of the masses.

It was the Russians who initiated the Chinese in the art of this special propaganda. First, public hatred was turned against the foreigners, who had been maligned by the propagandists. Then the Nemesis of retributive justice turned the tables upon the Russians themselves, and the cry of the masses was "Death to the Communists!" After that came the turn of the Japanese. When their armies entered the capital of Shantung for the first time (1927), they were met by infuriated inscriptions on placards and posters showing both Shantung and Manchuria in the grip of a gory Japanese hand, while Chang Tso-Lin and the other North Party leaders were depicted as traitors to their cause and hangmen of the Japanese.

The small foreign colony at Tsinanfu realized that hostile encounters between the Japanese troops and the Nationalist armed forces would inevitably ensue the day the latter reached the town in their advance. We ten men, representing nearly as many nationalities, who now constituted the colony, used to meet every night, while I stayed in Tsinanfu, at our small club rooms, discussing events.

We were all gratified that the Japanese had decided to protect the town against molestation. It was the general opinion that all the Powers ought to have taken

part in this defence by sending troops to Tsinanfu. Not even the most sceptical of Americans believed for a moment that the Japanese would make use of this opportunity for seizing Shantung. Japan would hardly dare to play for such a high stake in China at that moment ; so we thought.

Whether the fatal conflicts between the Japanese and the troops of the South were the result of deliberate scheming on the part of the Nationalists, or were due to the failing discipline of Chiang-Kai-Shek's soldiers, the Japanese were accused of being the instigators, and new fuel was thus thrown on the smouldering fires lit by Chinese anti-Japanese propaganda, and blazing from one end of the country to the other.

The interference of the Japanese troops in Shantung in the month of May, 1928, had very little effect upon the advance of the Nationalists on Peking. A wall of Japanese bayonets blocking the road might, of course, have saved Peking and Chang Tso-Lin's reign for a while, but at the same time it would have compromised him for ever after in the eyes of all Chinese, and his supremacy would have vanished like snow in the spring.

The resistance offered the advancing Nationalist forces by Chang Tso-Lin's large and tolerably well-equipped army—regarded by Borodin himself as a strong and dangerous opponent !—was quite negligible.

The question naturally arises : What was it that undermined the strength of Chang Tso-Lin and made this wise and experienced ruler lose faith in his own cause and that of the North Party ? I remember him when he received me in Peking barely nine months ago ; full of confidence, fired with energy and busily thinking out plans for the future.

First and foremost, in his own province, Manchuria,

discontent had grown apace during the last years among the people at the ever-increasing taxation and the huge sums which the adventure of war in Peking swallowed up.

If the ruler of Manchuria was to have any chance of retaining his supremacy in the province he would have to go back there with his forces fairly intact. Returning with the last remnants of a disorganized army after having suffered disaster outside the walls of Peking would mean defeat to himself in his own domains.

It was to avoid this bitter disappointment that he decided to evacuate Peking practically without drawing the sword.

Another conclusive factor was that the strength of Chang Tso-Lin's position had hitherto been his attitude towards Communism, a battle cry able to rally the resistance of the north against the danger of overthrow from the south. But the moment Chiang-Kai-Shek adopted the same attitude and started his anti-Communistic campaign, ruthlessly persecuting the Russians, Borodin at their head, forcing them to return to Moscow, and exiling Madame Sun-Yat-Sen and the Hankow Minister, Yu Chin Chen, to boot, it would seem as though Chang Tso-Lin had lost his best trump card, the fundamental reason for his position as ruler of Peking and leader of the North Party politics.

The word "Communism" had lost its power of intimidation. The revolutionary ideas originated in the south were slowly penetrating like poisonous gases into the masses of North China, reaching even the intimate surroundings of Chang Tso-Lin; people began to talk of him as an old man who did not understand present needs and the signs of the times.

Face to face with the onrush of the South armies, with the threatening situation in his own province, and with

the Nationalistic tendencies of the south invading the north, Chang Tso-Lin resigned himself to what seemed to him the inevitable : he evacuated Peking, gave orders for a general retreat. On June 3rd he entered his special train to return to Manchuria.

That was his last journey. In spite of his defeat he was still considered so dangerous an opponent by the Nationalists that they deemed it necessary to remove him from the scene of action. The bombs thrown by an assassin blew up his compartment just as he was reaching his Manchurian capital, Mukden. He was brought to his palace fatally wounded.

While the Nationalist armies were entering Peking and hoisting the banner of the flaming sun over the old Imperial city, the last ruler of the old regime breathed his last.

Thus ended the victorious march of revolution through China, sullied by a deed of violence.

Whether the new day now dawning upon China brings happiness and prosperity in her wake the future alone can decide. There are still mountains of difficulties blocking the way.

We, as onlookers, may believe or not, as we like, in the beneficial effects of the new era, but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the Nationalist banner is waving victoriously over the Celestial Empire, from Canton to Peking.

THE END